The Nation.

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The Week.

If Mayor McClellan goes off on his vacation stuck full of Jerome's arrows, he has no one but himself to blame for offering so fair a target. All that the District Attorney has done is to apply to Mr. McClellan the standards of a gentleman and a truly disinterested public servant; and if the Mayor endures the test badly, it is not Mr. Jerome who is at fault. The latter has simply come forward again in the old guise which so endeared him to the people—that of a man who looks neither to right nor left, but speaks the truth let who will be hurt. In one burst of indignation he blows away the excuse put forward in the Mayor's behalf that he is "doing the best he can." A gentleman and a scholar—and taking orders from Murphy! The sworn guardian of the public interest, and allowing the saloons to empty themselves into public office and even into courts of justice! Mr. Jerome has shown us precisely what Mayor McClellan and President Roosevelt really mean when they say that they dicker and compromise with corrupt bosses, and knuckle under to them, all for the public good and as a way of doing "the best possible under the circumstances." They mean their own good, their own hold on place and power, their own renomination and reëlection.

Not content with denouncing in private and out of office the "group of men" or "the single man" standing between the public servant and the voters and dictating or selling nominations, the District Attorney, who confesses that he would like another term of office, spurns the bosses before whom others are grovelling for favors, and turns directly to the people. There is a sagacious bravery in this, a calculated recklessness, which of itself lifts and lights up the whole municipal campaign. What Mr. Jerome has done is simply to return to the good practice of an elder day. Ambitious men used not to hesitate to announce their candidacy. In the generation when the career open to talent did not mean an opening into a boss's back room, men of mark were in the habit of notifying a given constituency that they were prepared to "stand" for the honor of representing it in Legislature or Congress. But of recent years candidates have not stood; they have crawled. They have gone on their bellies and eaten dirt. The old way of offering one's self for the public inspection and the free canvassing of the people has been abandoned for that of secret intrigue, machine manipulation, debasing or disgraceful bargains, compromising with the devil. Mr. Jerome states but the simple truth when he says that any one who obtains office at the hands of wicked party bosses is "under implicit obligations which cannot honorably be disregarded. He cannot take office by their favor and still be free to deal with them and their demands as obedience to his oath of office requires." For himself, Mr. Jerome will not submit to those fetters, and makes his appeal over the heads of the bosses straight to the people. If they want him for District Attorney, they may have him. Murphy and Odell need not be consulted. Nothing just like this—nothing so bracing and cheering—has been heard in this city for years.

If his clear and bold statement leaves one regret behind, it is that Mr. Jerome seems to make his nomination as Mayor impossible. Time may bring a change in that respect; but meanwhile we must not forget how vastly important he has made the office which he holds. Besides attending most efficiently to its routine work, he has made it in a peculiar sense a refuge of the oppressed and outraged. It is a wonderful tribute to the respect which his fairness and his honesty have inspired, that the threat to "go and tell Jerome" has been a bar to evil deeds all over this city, but especially in the regions where the poor dwell. And in many matters which might almost be called works of supererogation—in detection and prosecution and punishment of insidious offences, in making himself a sort of general referee, in standing as a kind of moral watchdog of the community—Mr. Jerome has given the District Attorney's office a power and significance quite unique. To retain him in it in preference to some dull tool of the Tammany or the Republican machine, is of incalculable importance.

Secretary Bonaparte has joined Secretary Root in denouncing municipal thieves who masquerade as Republicans. In an interview in the Philadelphia *North American*, he said that the man who is in politics simply for what he can get out of it "really belongs to no political party at all," and that the "professions of party loyalty" of a detected political grafter are simply "aggravations of his offence." Mr. Bonaparte is a Republican, but he is as unwilling to have the sins of the Penrose machine in Philadelphia charged up to his party as he is to accuse the Democratic party of responsibility for the performances of alleged Democrats in Baltimore. It is for honest men in both parties to scourge out the thieves of either. Secretary Bonaparte was in complete agreement with Mr. Root that the Philadelphia criminals should be prosecuted relentlessly, and sent to jail if possible. He added, with mingled humor and good sense: "My own idea always has been that it is better for genuine reform to turn the rascals out of power first, and put them in the penitentiary afterwards."

Gov. Warfield of Maryland has discovered that the figures in the State printing bill, passed at the last session of the Legislature, were raised without authority from $18,000 to $25,000, and is said to be "hot on the trail" of those responsible for the change. State Senators and members of the House of Delegates are being routed out of their summer retreats to tell what they know about the history of the printing bill. The chief engrossing clerks are being rigidly questioned, and it is generally said that the measure, though signed by the Governor, will not stand. Maryland lawmakers are the more concerned over this "error" because of the discovery some time ago that a county primary election law had been tampered with in transit between the Legislature and the Governor. In that case some one slipped in the provision that every "delegate," instead of every "delegation," to a convention should be taxed $10, and that an intending voter might ask assistance of the election judges "for any reason." Though signed by the Governor, this law was held by the State courts to be invalid. Compared with the disclosures of crookedness in other State legislatures, Maryland might seem to be excited over a trifle. But it is a good thing when a State is unable to distinguish between petty and large when it comes to stealings.

Senator Mitchell of Oregon has been sentenced to six months in jail, in addition to a fine of $1,000. True it is that the Senator's counsel announces an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and that the Portland court granted a stay for that purpose. But the chances are that in the end the Senator, septuagenarian though he be, will find his way behind the bars. As it stands, the value of this conviction is enormous. It will long be remembered that a jury in Portland did its duty, and that a judge pronounced sentence without regard to the fact that the man before him was the most influential politician in his State. There must be considerable uneasiness among certain

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Western Senators also interested in public land deals, as they read of Mitchell's sentence, lest they too should become intimately acquainted with surroundings very different from those of the Senate Chamber.

That edifying spectacle on which most of the country longs to feast its eyes—a Trust magnate behind prison bars—may actually be witnessed to-day. In the county jail at Lacrosse, Kan., there languishes a man who is certainly the first culprit imprisoned under the Kansas Anti-Trust law, and is believed to be the first man who ever served a prison sentence for violating any anti-Trust law. He was the secretary of the Kansas Grain Dealers' Association, and was arrested in 1902 on the charge of having formed a pool among the millers at Bison. His case was carried all the way to the United States Supreme Court, but unsuccessfully, and the Governor sternly refuses a pardon. Now the farmers of the county, which has 6,134 inhabitants, all told, are arranging excursions to Lacrosse so that they may gaze upon their one-time oppressor in durance. One could wish, of course, that the first victim of the people's righteous wrath might have had a more conspicuous career as an oppressor. We doubt, in fact, if the name of E. J. Smiley has anywhere been a household word. But even the smallest bun is better than no bread, and the taunt that no Trust promoter is ever deprived of liberty has in Kansas lost its sting of truth.

"The American people are worth serving," declares Secretary Wilson. So they are; but that they have a right to engage and retain or dismiss their servants is another proposition equally indisputable. The Southern Cotton Association, which first charged "leaks" in the Statistical Bureau, and whose president is now taking the lead in asking for Mr. Wilson's retirement, is able to make a rather impressive showing. The Secretary treated the original allegations of rottenness in his Department just as the Postmaster-General of three years ago did the Tulloch charges. He ridiculed them; and it was a real tribute to him that the public so generally accepted as perfectly satisfactory his assurance that everything was as it should be. It is now made known for the first time that, since taking office, the Secretary has summarily dismissed 290 employees, 107 of them on formal charges. It has not yet been announced, but it should be without delay, what were the grades of these culprits and their offences. It is conceivable that stern supervision of underlings might co-exist with extreme laxity as regards the more responsible officers. And, while the record shows that Mr. Wilson does not deserve the reproach of being entirely blind to faults among his subordinates, it does raise the question why, having discovered something like thirty-six derelictions a year on the average in his Department, he did not proceed to a still more thorough house-cleaning.

Last week's *Army and Navy Journal*, in commenting on the *Bennington* explosion, speaks out plainly about the deterioration of the Engineer Corps of the navy since its amalgamation with the line in 1901. The new order of things, it says, "quite unintentionally, of course, has impaired engineering efficiency throughout the navy"; and it adds that "the hope of building up an adequate engineer force from the warrant machinists has not been realized." The *Journal* also reports that engineering duty has not grown popular with the line officers, as the author of the bill, Mr. Roosevelt, and others, hoped it might. It finds that the young line officer detailed to the engine room is all too apt to perform his duty in a listless and perfunctory manner. This service paper also remarks that, while the amalgamation ended the long dispute between engineers and line, its "permanency is not altogether certain." Incidentally, the *Journal* thinks that there ought to be a free and full discussion of this old problem by the officers of the navy. This, however, is forbidden by an order of which the *Journal* says: "There never was a more unjustifiable application of the muzzling process in any navy of the world"—a statement which merits prompt attention from Secretary Bonaparte.

In a letter to the Portland *Oregonian*, Senator Heyburn of Idaho reaffirms his opposition to the forest-reserve policy of the Government. He says: "I shall carry this question into Congress with the determination to continue my opposition to the policy of the Forestry Bureau, as indicated by its action in Idaho, until these forest reserves are open to settlement for *bona-fide* homesteaders." We suspect, however, that it is not Senator Heyburn's solicitude for the homesteader alone that inspires him. When, last winter, a movement was set on foot to divide Kootenai County, an area about equal to the State of Connecticut, it failed in the Idaho Legislature because it could not be shown that the population was sufficient to support two county governments. The homesteader had not been attracted. On the other hand, the lands in Idaho which the Bureau proposes to reserve are covered with valuable timber which the lumber companies would like to secure, and this fact supplies a motive for Heyburn's bitter opposition. He and his kind, who have adapted the old exhortation so as to make it read, "Grab, saw, and sell to-day, for to-morrow we die," are utterly unable to fathom the motives of men like Chief Forester Pinchot, whose talk is all of preservation, reforestation, and the influence of forests on rainfall. Naturally, Senator Heyburn is indignant at the report that he had slackened in his fight for the poor Idaho homeseeker—and the land-grabbers.

The appearance of yellow fever at Tampa and its spread in New Orleans recall the fact that it was not to the men of New Orleans, but to its women, that the city owes the drainage and sewer system which it possesses. The men were too much concerned with business to give their attention to this vital matter, and so their wives and sisters were forced to arouse public sentiment and obtain the necessary appropriation. It is characteristic of all our coast cities, too, that as soon as trouble is at hand there is a demand that the Federal authorities come to the rescue. When all is well, there is no end to the talk of State sovereignty in quarantine matters. But the instant that yellow fever or plague or cholera appears, there is a cry for national aid and leadership. Unquestionably, the epidemic in New Orleans will bring up afresh the whole question of Federal sanitary control of our harbors. Only we shall go about it shamefacedly this time, realizing, we hope, that Cuba may feel a grim bit of self-justification at the sight of our dilemma. Consider the outcry and the reproaches of our press if yellow fever were making such ravages in Havana. By our official attitude in forcing hygienic stipulations into the Platt amendment, we committed ourselves to the view that yellow fever is a filth-disease; that nothing but criminal indifference can allow it to invade a city, and that the United States would be justified in forcibly interfering in Cuba if she did not keep her ports free of the disease.

The insidious character of tariff burdens comes up every now and then for exposure. A distinguished publicist is reported to have said that it is highly probable that even a very thoughtful toper does not taste the tax in his whiskey. But this is far from certain. On Thursday, at the annual convention of the Coöperative Savings and Building Loan Associations at the Murray Hill Hotel, a delegate presented a paper entitled "The Tariff Tax on Homes." Mr. Leubuscher, the author, contended that the tariff on building material served at the same time to swell the profits of Trusts, who sold the same materials at lower prices abroad, and enhanced the cost of building modest homes in this country. He computed the increase in rentals caused by the tariff at something like 20 per cent. more than it otherwise would be. Of course, the

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Pennsylvania delegates protested against this view. The tariff, according to them, puts us all on a higher plane of prosperity, and so enables us to afford the higher rentals. However, it has never yet been demonstrated that the tariff jacks us all up to the same extent upon the higher plane of prosperity. Surmise, moreover, is busy over the prospect of the distance we shall all have to drop when the artificial, all-round process of everybody's lifting everybody else by the bootstraps stops. It is certain that some day every tub will have to stand on its own bottom.

Superintendent Kilburn does not figure particularly well in the matter of the German Bank of Buffalo. In his answer to the committee of creditors, Mr. Kilburn admits that, after the bank had been closed as insolvent, last December, he reopened it for part of a day, then closed it again. During the period of reopening, $355,000 deposits were withdrawn—necessarily to the prejudice of other depositors. The excuse for the reopening is not especially convincing. Mr. Kilburn had appealed to the directors to advance the funds required to save the bank, and they had not responded. The Buffalo Clearing House had refused assistance. Yet the bank, says the Superintendent, "was reopened on Monday morning in order that the directors might not be in a position to say that I gave them no opportunity to support the bank and save it from ruin." In view of the fact that the institution was already insolvent, this apology will impress the banking world as extremely flimsy. It is quite of a piece with the Department's policy in the Merchants' Trust affair, when a bankrupt institution was knowingly allowed to go on doing business for a year or more, in the cheerful hope that some way of realizing on its assets might turn up. The Superintendent failed entirely, in both instances, to recognize the fact that his office was created to protect primarily, not the officers and shareholders of the bank, but the depositing public.

Insurance Commissioner Cutting of Massachusetts, whose authority in the ranks of insurance experts is high, has taken up the Equitable scandal in his annual report. In so doing, he carries his inquiry into the causes of mischief beyond the mere question of negligence or corruption in this one great institution. His analysis of the true meaning of the moral downfall of the Hydes, the Alexanders, the Depews, and their numerous confederates, is striking. It repeats, indeed, the conclusion to which most thinking men have come, that the Equitable rottenness was not much more than an incident in the financial methods and practices of the day—exposure in that one case, as Commissioner Cutting himself points out, being a result more of accident and of an internal quarrel than of any effort by the public to learn the truth. The Commissioner's comments on the situation, from the life-insurance point of view, are trenchant. He criticises unsparingly the entire system of "deferred dividend policies" out of which, in his judgment, the malign possibilities of the Equitable situation grew. He describes this policy as a "demoralizing form of contract which is responsible for a large part of the evils of life insurance, and which ought to be prohibited in every State for a longer period, without an accounting, than five years, as has been done recently by the Legislature of Wisconsin. It is, he holds, a direct provocative to extravagance, waste, and corruption, and is favored by the great life companies, in his opinion, because the system "supplied such enormous accumulations, which can be used for expenses and the policyholders be none the wiser until their deferred-dividend periods have expired." Naturally, control of huge sums of life-insurance capital for selfish purposes and schemes could not fail to be facilitated by this system. "That the ethical standard was lowered amid such conditions . . . is an indictment not merely of the accused," but of long-current business practices.

One risk which the Kaiser took when he assented to an interview with the Czar was that any hitch in the movement making for peace would be imputed to Germany. There is a section of the British press and people profoundly Teutophobic. It is not surprising that this contingent already sees the malevolent hand of the Kaiser in the present trend of affairs in Russia. The Czar's assurance to the Orenburg clergy that he will never conclude "a peace shameful to Russia," is distorted to mean that the Kaiser begged the Czar to continue the struggle with Japan. The raiding of the houses of the officers of the late Zemstvos' executive committee and the seizure of their papers are interpreted to mean that the reactionary policy of Russia has been taken up anew at William's insistence. "Once again," says a cablegram from St. Petersburg to London, "Germany appears destined to play the part of Russia's evil genius." Since the publication more than twenty years ago of that clever sketch, 'The Battle of Dorking,' describing an imaginary invasion of England and its subjugation by Germany, there has been nothing that so "gets on the nerves" of John Bull as the German Peril. It unfortunately presents a possibility by which an unscrupulous Prime Minister who thought more of keeping in office than of his duty to his country, could build up and solidify his majority in the House of Commons. It is only fair to say that Mr. Balfour has hitherto resolutely refused to play with fire of this kind.

Among the minor signs of Mr. Balfour's impending fall is the growing levity or disrespect of the press—even the Tory press—in dealing with his misfortunes. When *Punch*, still the favorite of the aristocratic party, takes to caricaturing a Conservative Premier, it shows how small is his expectation of political life. Still more ominous is the changed tone of the London *Times*. This thick-and-thin apologist of the powers that be is beginning to scold Mr. Balfour almost shrilly. Referring to his fiasco in the matter of redistribution of seats in the Commons, it said that he had "given his Government a harder knock than the Opposition had been able to inflict," and added that "there is something ridiculous in the spectacle of a Government embarking in this light-hearted way upon an important enterprise without taking the most elementary precautions." When his followers cheered their leader next day, the *Times* said that this was certainly "generous" in them, after his "Parliamentary mismanagement." It appears to be true that Mr. Balfour told his party, in his confidential speech to the rank and file at the Foreign Office, that he would resign at once were it not for the delicate posture of foreign affairs. This confirms the justice of a remark made by a predecessor of Mr. Balfour's in the Premiership: "After a short term of high office, the holder almost invariably thinks himself admirably fitted for it."

While indemnities are being determined upon and passed around gratis, as it were, China has resolved to put in her own modest little claim for $100,000,000, or thereabouts, for damages done to Mantchuria by the contestants. China has also notified the Powers that whatever may be the peace terms arranged at Portsmouth, Mantchuria must be restored to China intact. Perhaps these pronouncements are mere bluffs, intended, as some diplomats think, to indicate an assertive foreign policy on China's part. Or they may be based on an Oriental notion of equity in that some remuneration may fairly be due to a neutral whose fields have been trampled and whose villages have been destroyed by the struggles of others. The warrant for China's reimbursement would seem better grounded morally if it could be shown that China had not virtually abandoned the *de facto* administration of portions of Mantchuria before the actual campaigns began. It is also probably true that the Chinese claims would stand a better chance of recognition if the military and naval power of the Flowery Kingdom were not as yet so despicable.

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THE PERSISTENT DEFICIT.

The first month of the current fiscal year ended on Monday. It yielded a handsome addition to the steadily growing deficit of the Federal Treasury. Even discounting the heavy disbursements that are normally made in July, the adverse ledger balance of something like $14,000,000 for the month must give us pause. A slightly larger shortage for July, 1904, was the precursor of a deficit of approximately $24,000,000 for the fiscal year that closed but a month ago. What are the Administration's plans for meeting this impending danger?

From the Executive we hear little or nothing. President Roosevelt has never professed more than a slightly contemptuous interest in finance. Except for occasional and highly abstract praise of economy in his messages, he has hardly taken up the national finances in a serious way. His interest is rather wrapped up in the objects on which he would like to spend money. "Let me only name the subjects of appropriation, and let who will frame the revenue-raising measures," seems to be his song. From Secretary Shaw we get almost as little light on the situation. He has become of late only a sort of glorified accountant. His failure to guess the size of last year's deficit was explained as a "clerical error," and it is commonly understood that he is only a *locum-tenens* anyway. The Shaw Presidential "boom," it might be guessed, could hardly be inflated by projects for lessening the Treasury deficit. His favorite device on the stump—"Sing 'America'"—will not conjure coin into the vaults. He reminds one of Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer who sat by the pool of a "bottomless deficiency, fishing for a budget."

The only sign of appreciation of the gravity of the business, or of leadership to apply a remedy, is found in the Congressional paladins, especially Mr. Cannon. The prospective Speaker no sooner appeared in Washington than a plan was unfolded to meet the difficulty. Mr. Cannon is talking "economy," and to that end will select a chairman of the Appropriations Committee who will have to take a solemn, cheese-paring oath. Mr. Allison in the Senate will cooperate. The plan is to wipe out the deficit by operating solely on appropriations. All revenue legislation, such as restoring Spanish war taxes or laying sacrilegious hands on the Dingley schedules, is to be avoided. Mr. Cannon is said to feel that any revenue legislation, if mooted, would bring tariff revision so strongly to the fore that he could not bottle up again the genie now confined in the Dingley bottle.

Of Mr. Cannon's plan it may be said that it is an example of the good being an enemy of the best. Economy is welcome from any quarter, but not the economy of the penny-wise, pound-foolish variety. Moreover, Mr. Cannon's scheme, ingenious as it may be as a quietist movement, does not go to the root of the matter. Besides neglecting the possible shrinkage of customs receipts which cannot be presumed to keep forever at the present level of $262,000,000 per annum, the scheme will be wrecked because it neglects the ever-growing demands of our insatiable policy of Imperialism. *It cannot be made too plain that the one preponderating cause of our swollen expenditure and of our chronic deficits is the unheard-of augmentation and swollen outlay on army and navy.* The "raids on the Treasury" which Mr. Cannon is going to head off are petty matters in comparison with the constant demand for a huge navy. Even pensions have fallen astern of the ever-growing cost of the mailed fist. The following table (in round hundreds of millions) will elucidate the matter:

EXPENDITURE (FISCAL YEAR).

	1897.	1904.	1905.
Civil and miscellaneous	90	*186	146
War	48	115	122
Navy	34	102	117
Indians	13	10	14
Pensions	141	142	141
Interest	37	24	24

*Includes $54,600,000 for Panama Canal and Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Even the new method of tabulating expenses which the Treasury has strategically adopted, and which will lessen the totals under War by charging to public works and buildings a part of the outlay previously assigned to War, cannot disguise the facts. The necessary expense of the Spanish war has served to dupe the country or lure the country into bearing the present enormously swollen outlay, especially on the navy.

A weather-wise financier who looked ahead not only beyond the present year, but even beyond the next election, would take due heed of another element in the situation. Declining business activity is always quickly reflected in a lessened yield from indirect taxes. When the next slump comes, the present deficit will grow by leaps and bounds. The past two years have been years of plenty, and the curiously constant receipts of the Treasury may well be held to be the maximum our present revenue laws can bring forth. Thus, the Treasury's income for the past two fiscal years has been made up as follows:

	1904.	1905.
Customs	$262,013,079 07	$262,060,528 14
Internal revenue	232,873,721 48	233,464,200 89
Miscellaneous	46,628,843 85	47,899,130 21
Total	$541,515,644 40	$543,423,859 24

Failure to allow for a marked abatement in revenue when the hour of declining fortune strikes, is hardly less than financial blindness. If the withdrawal of a fraction of the Treasury's balances from the national banks must be carefully planned to avoid difficulty, one can guess what a sudden and sweeping withdrawal of those balances, prompted by dire necessity, would occasion. The present is the time to provide against the recurrence of deficits; but so long as extravagant policies are continued, unjust and oppressive revenue laws continued in force, and only surface remedies applied, the problem is not only not solved—it is not touched.

NOT LETTING IT "BLOW OVER."

"After this disturbance blows over," said Senator Depew, on landing with a little less than his accustomed joviality on Saturday, "the Equitable will be the same as before." So will everything else, he implied—characters and confidence will be restored, though they seemed lost forever, and it will be a merry world again. The Senator is a proved expert in the art of forgetting. It is essential to his peculiar brand of optimism. One who has before been known to retire into his cyclone cellar, to emerge triumphantly after all has blown over, may be excused for imagining that simply lying low a short time will make people forget even such a scandal as the Equitable's. But hot anger makes good memories; and we believe that any man concerned who thinks to set all right by a discreet hiding of his head in the sand, is pretty certain to have the *vis a tergo* of Carlyle's famous figure applied to him.

The very worst advice that could be given to Americans to-day is to shrug their shoulders and hasten to forget the revelations of rottenness in both their private and their public business, which have cut them to the quick. It may not be pleasant, but it is wholesome, to keep the eye fixed upon all this sorry affair—to see corruption steadily, and to see it whole. *Memento* in large letters should be written up at the bed-foot of every professional optimist who hopes to sleep away the whole thing and rise in the morning radiantly forgetful. It is one of the marks of a fool to refuse to consider his folly or to profit by his past mistakes; and if we wish to be set down as a foolish nation, we shall make haste to push aside as ancient and irksome history the records of our disgrace. To be able to keep angry six months has been offered as a definition of good citizenship. It is certainly the sort that these times call for. We do well to be angry with those who both have taken our purse and robbed us of our good name; and every time that a smug Depew exhorts us to think of the good time coming when all this will have blown over, honest men should sternly point to the bad time present, with an indignant "Lest we forget!"

A sharp jog to the memory was given by the Attorney-General on Monday in his announcement of suits against the whole board of Equitable directors. There appears much to commend in his

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statement of intended procedure. He is not to bring suit under the vexed clause 36 of the Insurance law, forbidding a director or officer of an insurance corporation to "receive any money or valuable thing for negotiating, procuring, or recommending any loan from such corporation." As Attorney-General Mayer says, this clause has never been construed by the courts, and "its meaning is, from a lawyer's standpoint, much in doubt." We have ourselves seen the clause interpreted very differently in different "opinions" that have been sought as to its intent and effect. This uncertainty is, no doubt, a strong reason why that section should be judicially interpreted at the earliest day possible, or why the Legislature should amend it so as to make its language more precise and unmistakable; but it also constitutes a valid argument for the Attorney-General's proceeding under some other law, if he finds one available and adequate.

He has, in fact, elected to bring suit under section 1781 of the Code of Civil Procedure. This provides for actions to compel directors to "account for their official conduct in the management and disposition of the funds and property committed to their charge"; also, to "pay to the corporation which they represent, or to its creditors, any money, and the value of any property, which they have acquired to themselves, or transferred to others, or lost, or wasted, by a violation of their duties." Under this broad grant of power, it seems clear that the Attorney-General may compel a searching judicial inquiry into the whole Equitable scandal. Individual and official responsibility can be rigidly inquired into and legally established, while personal liability to make restitution, or to be criminally prosecuted, may be fixed by the courts. The power both to investigate and to punish seems ample, if it be boldly employed.

One obvious advantage of the method of a sweeping inquiry, such as the Attorney-General proposes, is that it will apportion blame. Though all the directors are to be sued, it is not contended that all are alike guilty. The action should clearly bring out the shades of guilt. If certain of the directors have profited personally by virtue of their trust relation to the Equitable, that will be made to appear, and separate suits, civil or criminal, may then be brought against them. If others have been simply negligent, and have allowed mismanagement, extravagance, and unlawful diversion of funds to go on without due diligence in preventing it, the courts will settle the extent of their liability. As the Attorney-General states, the suits which he is first to bring will include both those directors who have "done active wrong" and those who have "neglected their duty." The result cannot well be other than to get such a judicial determination of the responsibility, and the accompanying obligations, of a director of a great corporation as we greatly need. If the courts are able also to decide in what sense the surplus belongs to policyholders—whether for mere purposes of tax-dodging or for their actual benefit—so much the better.

The great thing is that legal machinery is at last to be set in motion. We are not to let all this blow over with our criminal American good nature. Somebody is to be arraigned. Somebody, we hope, is to be made to smart. Unless our State and county prosecuting officers are able to bring some of these rich swindlers to justice, we shall have to transpose the nots in the definition of the law, so as to make it read: "The very least *not* feeling her care, and the greatest exempted from her power."

MILITARISM IN TROUBLE.

Addressing Parliament recently in behalf of his proposal to reform the British volunteers, Mr. Arnold-Forster, the War Minister, admitted that Lord Roberts and other officers high in the army believed universal military service to be the only remedy for England's military ills. He added significantly: "Well, neither Lord Roberts nor I have any commission to impose upon the people of this country conscription, and I think it is not wise to plan your remedies upon the supposition that this particular method of filling up your army will be adopted by the people of this country." No minister could more frankly admit that conscription is as hopeless in England as it is in America. There was a time, after the Boer war, when the chagrin of the English public at the military blundering in South Africa made compulsory service loom up in the political horizon as a possibility. It was only for a moment. No Prime Minister, however Imperialistic, would dare to urge it. Instead, we have a harking back to infant rifle clubs—to the old picture of England defended by butchers and candlestick-makers lying behind hedges in the dress of militia or volunteers. Kiplings may rage as they please, Robertses and Kitcheners make the welkin ring with their demands for a government more devotedly military—the British electors will have none of it.

As a result, the struggle in England is to improve the citizen soldiery. Japan has led the way with hers; why should not England follow on? True, history fails to record infant inhabitants of Tokio spending half their childhood at the butts, but none the less the volunteers are uppermost in the hearts of the English ratepayer, as Mr. Arnold-Forster found out when he tried to improve them by cutting them down in numbers—"weakening and ultimately ruining" them, his opponents called it. But the Secretary for War was not content with refusing to consider conscription at home. He had something to say about its working abroad. It was, he observed, becoming "less and not more popular" on the Continent of Europe. "The bow is being very tightly drawn," and for this reason also it was idle to think of the principle of universal military service being planted in English soil. Mr. Arnold-Forster was correctly informed. Those nations which have had their strongest bulwarks in conscription, are not of late quite so sure of themselves and their strength. This is not merely because of the spectacle of thousands of unwilling Russians being butchered in a cause of which they know little and care less. The increasing education of the masses has been quietly doing its work for decades past. Moreover, the development of a great industrial state like Germany sets people to thinking. The terrible sacrifice involved in withdrawing from productive employment more, than 600,000 men for periods of from one to three years is becoming more and more widely understood.

But there is still another ominous symptom which is fixing attention and exciting anxiety in Europe. It is the attitude of the Socialists. An observer in Paris during the recent Moroccan excitement was struck by the total absence of a desire for war, particularly among those generally ready, in their ignorance, to toss their caps and hurrah, as did the Parisians when Louis Napoleon started for Berlin. There is about as much real cause for war in 1905 as in 1870. But there was no belligerent response from the people when the politicians sounded them to find out where they stood. The average Frenchman was perfectly satisfied; ready to let the diplomats fight it out, and quite as earnest as John Bull in his desire to be let alone. And the Socialists, from Jaurès down, would not hear at all of war. They, like the followers of Bebel in Germany, have got one truth into their heads, however much trash they may have stored away besides. It is that the burdens of war fall heaviest upon the poor man—the first to be sacrificed and the last to be asked whether he desires to immolate himself.

Herein lies one of the greatest hopes of peace and disarmament abroad; and it is not to be sneered at or ignored because it has become the cult of men who include in their creed doctrines detrimental to human progress. It is the German Socialists who speak out even louder than the Liberals in their protests against the wanton waste of treasure for the sake of militarism. When Bebel attacks the army estimates, even the Chancellor tries to brand him traitor, and the attitude of his party towards the army is watched with never abating eagerness. For the powers that

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be are beginning to perceive the growing hatred of the military spirit and all it stands for, which is one of the striking developments in Germany to-day.

Lordly imperialists the world over are to be commiserated with upon this state of affairs—they who always think in terms of continents. For when the hour of sober reckoning comes, somehow there is a surprising number of Little Englanders. Lord Roberts may point the way, but what can he do when even the Prime Minister says an invasion of England is impossible? His pet bogey is gone. So we here were to have had a grand army with reserves of all kinds after our Philippine adventure. Instead, there is, after seven years, a most distressing desire to cut down further estimates for the navy, a total indisposition to increase the army, and a lamentable desire to attend to our own affairs and fall back upon our old sublime confidence that the Seventh New York Regiment can lick the whole world, including the Canadian Militia. True it is that there is to be a campaign for a coast-defence reserve, a torpedo and submarine mine corps, and what not, on the assembling of Congress. But Congressmen have small minds; they care somehow much more for the deficits which, whether here or abroad, are so ruthless in checking military ardor. As Mr. Arnold-Forster plaintively and, we fear, weakly, remarked: "Whoever sits at the table at the War Office has also to consider the question of the financial ability of the country to bear the burdens of the military defence of the country thrown upon it."

THE CASE OF NORWAY.

The present political crisis in Norway has given rise to several publications designed to affect public opinion outside of that country respecting the controversy with Sweden. Among these may be mentioned a pamphlet on the history of Norway, intended for free distribution among the members of the International Council of Women, written by Miss Gina Krog, president of the Norwegian National Council of Women; a pamphlet entitled 'The Kingdom of Norway as a Sovereign State,' by A. C. Drolsum, chief librarian of the University of Christiania; and Fridtjof Nansen's 'Norway and the Union with Sweden,' just issued by Macmillan. Miss Krog's pamphlet is published in English, Mr. Drolsum's in Norwegian and English, Nansen's slender volume in Norwegian, English, German, and French; evidence of the importance attached by the Norwegian people to the English-speaking world's gaining a correct and sympathetic understanding of their cause. Norway has for generations been unable to communicate with the outside world through official channels of her own, and her patriotic children, therefore, had to undertake the task privately. Drolsum and Nansen to a large extent cover the same ground, but the former treats his subject in a more impersonal, purely historical way. Nansen says in his preface: "I have tried to the best of my ability to state everything on the basis of the most trustworthy and most recognized authorities, and have obtained the counsel and assistance of leading men of the most divergent political views." He writes, nevertheless, in a more personal vein, not entirely *sine ira et studio*, even if he has succeeded, as he ventures to think, in framing "a neutral and reliable statement of what has happened and of what is the opinion of the Norwegian people."

His first chapter is an historical introduction of twelve pages, in the first place combating the common but erroneous conception that Norway is a young nation. On the contrary, it is one of the oldest kingdoms of Europe, for when Harold the Fair-haired, finally overcoming the petty monarchs, founded it in 872, Alfred the Great had been King of England for only a year, while the history of Sweden was still veiled in the gray mist of prehistoric dawn. It happens, too, that the earliest extant commercial treaty concluded by England with a foreign state was that made with Norway in 1217. Nansen deals briefly with those dynastic vicissitudes which in the fourteenth and following centuries brought Norway into union, first with Sweden, then with Denmark and Sweden, and finally with Denmark alone, until, by the treaty of Kiel of January 14, 1814, the King of Denmark was compelled to cede the throne of Norway to the King of Sweden.

The Norwegian people, however, while acknowledging the King's right to release them from their allegiance to him, did not propose to be transferred like cattle to a foreign potentate. An assembly of representatives from the different parts of the country was accordingly called to meet at Eidsvold, near Christiania, and this assembly, on May 17, 1814, adopted a Constitution and elected a king. This charter the Norwegian people claims has now again become operative by the failure of King Oscar to perform his duties as a constitutional monarch; and the circumstance explains why, under the present provisional government, the country is still styled the Kingdom of Norway, though temporarily without a king.

The King of Sweden, on his part, was not disposed to give up the idea of winning Norway, and Swedish troops therefore were, on July 28, 1814, sent into the country under Bernadotte. The campaign, mainly of a demonstrative character, lasted only two weeks. The only general action, on the northern wing, resulted in a victory for the Norwegian arms, while on the southern wing the Swedes took possession of a fortress which the Norwegians had already decided to evacuate and had stripped of its heavy guns; but the Swedes were unable to take the strong fortress of Fredriksten. Meanwhile, Bernadotte opened negotiations with the Norwegian Government, for reasons still debated. Some historians have maintained that, with a statesman's intuition, he foresaw that the Norwegians would be more valuable partners in a union which they entered voluntarily and on essentially their own terms, while military writers have judged the prospects of a successful campaign rather doubtful. Perhaps the attitude of the other Powers also gave occasion for some misgivings. At any rate, Bernadotte, on August 14, 1814, in the name of the King of Sweden, concluded a truce with the Norwegian Government and signed the convention of Moss, under which the Storthing was immediately to be called in extraordinary session to discuss the question of a union with Sweden and adopt such changes in the Constitution of May 17 as would be rendered necessary. This new Constitution was adopted on November 4, and on the same day King Charles XIII. of Sweden was chosen King of Norway. Contrary to the contention of some Swedish politicians and some foreign publicists, Norway entered into this agreement not as a conquered country.

The basic principle of the Union, as afterwards established by the Act of Union (*Rigsakt*) of August 6, 1815, was the equality of the two kingdoms and the independence of each in matters which did not affect the Union, or, as Bernadotte himself expressed it in 1815: "The Crown recognizes the principle of complete equality between the two kingdoms in all questions concerning their joint government." And the same equality was expressly recognized by the Estates of the Swedish Riksdag in 1815. It is to be noted, further, that the Act of Union established no bond between the two countries outside of the King's person, which guaranteed community of action on the question of war and peace. Each kingdom preserved in other respects its full sovereign entity, its separate army and navy, fiscal system, etc.

Equality was never fully carried out in practice. "We had," says Nansen, "to wrestle over the King's Norwegian title, over the inscription of our coinage, over our flag, and the arms of the kingdom." Especially in the treatment of foreign affairs has equality never been exemplified, and Norway has had to fight incessantly for a position more in consonance with the basic principle of the Union and the dignity of her people as a sovereign nation; but it is only fair to state that the royal family—apart from Bernadotte himself—have, as far as it has been within their power, considering that they had

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to seek their main strength in Sweden, supported Norway's cause. Several joint committees were appointed to try to ease the friction—first, in 1839, consisting of four Norwegians and four Swedes; but its report, rendered in 1844, was pigeonholed by the Swedish Government and never acted on. Another was appointed in 1865, after several years of incessant bickering as to the abrogation of an article of the Norwegian Constitution giving the King the right to appoint a vice-regent for Norway; the Swedish Government and Riksdag having long maintained that they should be given an opportunity to express themselves as to changes even in articles of the Norwegian Constitution not embodied in the Act of Union. The report of this committee, rendered in 1867, was voted down by heavy majorities in both the Storthing and the Riksdag. The third committee, consisting of seven members from each of the two countries, was appointed in 1895 and reported in 1898, without, however, having been able to agree on any proposal—in fact, having split into two Norwegian and two Swedish factions.

Meantime the consular question had come to the fore in Norway, because both the great Norwegian political parties were agreed about the country's right to settle that question in her own way. On the initiative of the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, a committee of experts from the two countries was appointed on January 18, 1902, to consider the ground of controversy. On July 26 it reported unanimously in favor of the establishment of separate consular services for the two countries. Negotiations carried on between the two governments resulted in the drawing up of a protocol under date of March 24, 1903, fixing the principles upon which separate consular services were to be arranged by further negotiations. But the Swedish Government, after having allowed nearly two years to elapse without complying with the terms of the original protocol, introduced into the negotiations several new questions which had never been touched upon in the preliminaries, and which, by the Norwegian Government and the whole Norwegian people, were pronounced tantamount to a denial of Norway's right as a sovereign nation. A new Union committee, proposed by the Crown Prince as Acting Regent, was not entertained. On the contrary, the Norwegian Storthing adopted a bill providing for a separate Norwegian consular service. When Nansen's book was written, the fate of this bill was still undecided, and in his last chapter ("The Political Situation within the Union at the Moment") he discusses what will happen in case sanction be refused.

FUSTEL AS A SOCIOLOGIST.

The recent commemoration of Fustel de Coulanges has led to an outbreak of hostile feeling eminently characteristic of France, a country where everything seems capable of being turned to political account. How such an incident confirms the views of Mr. Bodley and other censors of French temper, we shall not pause to inquire; but it may be worth the while of historians and sociologists to consider for a moment a by-product of the controversy. M. Gustave Fagniez, author of 'Le Père Joseph et Richelieu,' has contributed to the *Réforme Sociale* an interesting article on the methods and outlook of Fustel, with special reference to a possible affiliation between his principles and those avowed by the disciples of Le Play. It will be remembered that the *Réforme Sociale* was founded twenty-five years ago to promote the cause of social peace, and has, in dealing with sociological questions, taken as its point of departure the cardinal importance of tradition. Without involving himself in the disputes which have grown out of the commemoration, M. Fagniez seeks to determine whether there can be found in the writings of Fustel any trace of a fixed attitude toward the main problems presented by sociology.

We may as well say at once that this is not a discussion of the well-worn arguments regarding the scientific status of sociology, but rather a definite inquiry as to the individual views of a most eminent historian. Every one who is at all familiar with the life and works of Fustel will remember the enthusiasm with which he advocated the dogma that history is a science, having laws of its own and holding a high place in the realm of exact knowledge. In the obituary notice of him written by M. Gabriel Monod for the *Revue Historique* there appeared the following anecdote: One day while Fustel was lecturing, his class broke in with applause. So far from accepting this token of appreciation as a personal compliment, he simply said: "Do not applaud me. It is not I who speak, but History that is speaking to you through me." All his deliberate utterances were marked by the same conviction. A patient and thorough study of the texts must lead to assured results, and disclose the nature of the process whereby man has advanced from age to age since the beginning of authentic records. It was indeed the process rather than the individual that Fustel cared to investigate. Even the heroic and overmastering personality of Charlemagne sinks from view in his account of the social and legal forces which controlled European life during the eighth century. Looking at man in the mass, his attention became concentrated upon institutions and their growth. Of all Darwin's contemporaries not one applied more closely than he the idea of evolution to the explanation of historical phenomena.

A curious passage in Fustel's will gives us an inkling of his attitude, both towards religion and towards man's spiritual relation with the past. "I desire," he said, "a service conformable to the usage of the French—that is, a church service. It is true, I am neither a communicant nor a believer, but I must not forget that I was born in the Catholic religion, and that those before me were also Catholics. Patriotism demands that even where one does not think as his ancestors did, he should at least respect what they have thought." Whether the Roman Church has cause to feel much satisfaction in being asked to perform a service on such terms may be doubted. Here we are only concerned to point out the sense of continuity which made tradition so large an element in Fustel's life and thought. He was not a believer, but many of his readers closed the 'Cité Antique' in full confidence that its author was a sincere Christian; and, according to M. Fagniez, his friends felt called upon in 1878 to let the Government know that he was not a clerical. Thus, while it was impossible to make out from his books what his private views were, no trace of harshness marked his attitude towards an ecclesiastical system whose growth he associated with an unfolding of the human mind.

Fustel, though not a sociologist by label, was, in M. Fagniez's opinion, a true fellow-worker with Le Play, whose disciples may derive material from both the 'Cité Antique' and the 'Histoire des Institutions Politiques de l'Ancienne France.' The 'Cité Antique,' tracing the development of the State through family life to a belief in the tutelary guardianship of dead ancestors, insists, with all the more force because it is not an argument, upon the determining effect of social forces. The solidarity of generations, the slow transformation of human qualities, the omnipresence of similar instincts are for Fustel the fundamentals of a system; and because he has a system in which collectivity, not individualism, is the ruling word, he draws close to the sociologists. In his mind the present was never divorced from the distant past, and his whole philosophy of history had for its starting-point the primitive custom out of which the modern institution has been evolved by the widening of the general consciousness. To the ordinary reader his distinctive conceptions will seem to stand out most strongly in the 'Cité Antique.' Yet, if one will but read between the lines, they are hardly less visible in the 'Histoire des Institutions.' As M. Fagniez points out, this work was separated from its predecessor by ten years and the Franco-German war, and lacks also the manifest unity of motive of 'La Cité Antique.' Yet, under grave differences of form, the two books are linked together by the strongest of intellectual bonds, an identity of outlook upon the process of social evolution.

Fustel acquired from Jules Simon a habit of mind which led him to question all conclusions that had not stood the test of rigid criticism. Hence, when he approached the study of the early Middle Ages, with its chief subjects in the contact of Roman and German, the status of the Church, and the origin of feudalism, he found it necessary to clear away a whole mass of reigning theories. Chief among these was the idea of an ancient racial antagonism between provincial and barbarian, followed by a contest of national enmity between Austrasia and Neustria. Nor did Fustel show himself less severe to prepossessions regarding the conflict of classes within the West Frankish realm. Avoiding all temptation to write the history of the sixth and seventh centuries in the light of the French Revolution, he looked for the facts as the texts

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have preserved them, and made it a matter of religion to banish all inherited prepossessions from his mind. In his volume on 'Roman Gaul,' he says: "History is not an art of discussion apropos of facts; it is a science whose object is to find the facts and present them clearly." And again, in his volume on the 'Frankish Monarchy,' he comes back to the same position in the words: "History is a science; it does not imagine; it only sees."

From the remarks of M. Fagniez upon Fustel's principles and methods as an historian, it is not difficult to see why he should conclude that the sociologists have an ally whom as yet they have seldom claimed. One might even say that the features of resemblance are those of kinship rather than of alliance. Fustel was at one with the sociologist in giving individual leaders slight credit for determining the direction and pace of human progress. With the main contention of the sociologists he was also in accord, for how could one who claimed for history the character of a science, and held that social phenomena in the mass were more important than the most shining of private achievements, exclude sociology from fellowship with the sciences? If sociology had been called in his presence "our old foe, the philosophy of history, in disguise," he probably would have replied: "No; it is not an offspring of metaphysics, since it deals with human experience under its least capricious form—the life of communities, the efforts of collective man."

Familiarity with a wide range of social phenomena helps to soften the asperities of party hatred, religious intolerance, and social prejudice. The conception that both ideas and institutions represent but a phase in a long, unceasing train of historical evolution, is among the most fruitful ideas of our time. The impossibility of divorcing one's self from the influence of tradition is beginning to be recognized even by the radicals of more moderate aspiration. But when it comes to the theory of historical generalization and the statement of social laws, one may well doubt whether the views of Fustel and the sociologists will ever command universal assent. What is the part of hypothesis in historical interpretation? Can the imaginative faculty be eliminated by any investigator of the higher type, however much he may deplore and guard against its excesses? What do the selection and accentuation of certain facts to the exclusion of others mean but an assertion of private judgment? Were there any need of citing contrasted opinions upon these issues, we might place side by side with Fustel's doctrines the criticism that Mr. Morley has recently passed upon Professor Bury in his review of Frederic Harrison's 'Theodora.' But, for the present purpose, we need not go beyond the works of Fustel himself. M. Fagniez, after citing his somewhat disparaging allusions to Tacitus, continues: "In fact, Fustel de Coulanges was less exclusive than he wished to be. He did not forbid conjectures; only he always presented them as conjectures." Fustel and M. Fagniez are alike sincere in making this distinction between avowed hypothesis and assured fact, but scholars from beyond the Rhine will tell you that many of his statements are in truth hypotheses. He had a strong imagination, though he sought to prohibit its exercise; and much of his best work derives its value from the strength of his imagination in its interpretative form.

Another point of equal importance remains. M. Fagniez tells us that though Fustel did not expel hypothesis from the realm of history, he used it rarely, and under no circumstances would allow special influence to individuals as distinct from the anonymous coöperation of crowds. Here, one must believe, his dogma will fail to carry universal conviction, for if Carlyle was rash in obliterating the multitude for the benefit of demigods, it is a task more hopeless still to wipe out the great man altogether. If Fustel and the sociologists demand this sacrifice, they may indeed exact it from enthusiasts, but from the generality of thinkers, never. M. Fagniez for one admits the validity of a different standpoint in the following words:

"On peut certes la [l'histoire] comprendre assez différemment, on peut croire que les grandes évolutions historiques ne s'accomplissent que quand elles trouvent, pour les mener à bien, un homme ou des hommes supérieurs, capables de diriger les sociétés vers la réalisation des réformes, des transformations dont elles éprouvent le besoin sans posséder l'art de les faire réussir; on peut même soutenir que l'influence de ces hommes supérieurs peut aller, par l'exploitation habile des instincts, de l'ignorance et de la crédulité populaires, jusqu'à conduire les peuples là où ils ne veulent pas, où ils ne pensent pas aller."

We must reiterate in conclusion the belief that sociological studies, while they may qualify to some extent our inherited notions concerning the value of leaders and leadership, will never destroy the spirit of hero-worship. But, for Fustel de Coulanges, history had its sole meaning as a process of collective development.

THE EXHIBITION OF MEZZOTINTS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

LONDON, July 20, 1905.

Different ages have found a different medium for their portraiture. The traits of Imperial Rome are read in the marble busts of emperors, and the bronze medals of the early Renaissance have handed down the features of Italian tyrants and humanists. But in England the eighteenth century sought a lighter expression than bronze or marble. The world, climbing down from its high stilts, no longer dabbled in heroics. Genius descended to earth, and art became softened with manners. The growth of social life awakened social interests, and humanity frankly acknowledged that it was chiefly curious about itself. It wished to gaze at its own resemblance, and, beside the more formal portraiture in oils, found in the mezzotint a means to contemplate its image.

A rich and perhaps unique collection of mezzotints has recently been left to the British Museum by the late Lord Cheylesmore. A selection from these, supplemented by others already in its possession, and arranged with great taste and skill by Mr. Colvin, the Keeper of the Prints, forms the present exhibition of English portraiture from the Restoration to the end of the Regency. It is this historic feature covering every side of life which will most appeal to the visitor. Some will find their chief interest in the dainty prints of great ladies, from Sarah Marlborough to Georgiana of Devonshire. And those who regard the age as one only of elegant trifling, should gaze at the portraits of great sailors, from Rooke and Rodney to Hood; and of soldiers, from "Butcher" Cumberland to "Butcher" Tarleton. The century, with all its many-sidedness, was in portraiture reduced to a single style. Grubb Street and Ranelagh bear equally the hall-mark of the age. One common pose and peruke united a multitude of callings. But inscriptions are fortunately there to remind one that, in spite of the resemblance caused by powdered wigs, mankind was not alike, and that differences really existed between statesmen like Walpole and chancellors like Somers; between thieving proconsuls like Warren Hastings and gallant highwaymen like Jack Sheppard, as they hang in the long gallery of portraits from the last Charles to the last of the Georges.

Although the eighteenth century does not call for strong emotions, it can never leave one indifferent. Unlike the sixteenth, it is no "velvet robe stained with blood," but a rustling silk and a lace frill. To hate requires as strong passion as to love, and there is too much of the Dresden shepherdess about its art for any deep feeling. According to our temperament, we are susceptible to its charm or despise its finicking; and our sentiment towards it determines our appreciation of the mezzotint as the most characteristic of its minor arts in England. For mezzotint etching is essentially English. In England it became acclimated and attained full growth. Hence the double interest of portraiture and nationality in an art as aggressively British as is everything of foreign origin transplanted to English soil. It little matters if its inventor was a Hessian captain Von Siegen, or that, like King William, it came over from Holland. Even its Continental history is linked in a way with the English nation. But Prince Rupert's association with it is too well known. The dashing cavalry leader became an etcher in mezzotint. Cromwell reaped at least this artistic benefit for his country that, though he scattered Charles's pictures at auction, he caused his nephew to abandon the sword for the rocker, and the cavalier exile created abroad what later became an English art. While Von Siegen's prints had resembled the stippling of his French contemporary, Morin, this royal nephew brought to his craft the gifted temperament of the Stuart race. In the very birth of the art, breaking away from the conventional portraiture, his "Standard Bearer," after a false Giorgione, and his "Executioner with the Head of John the Baptist" (a superb impression of this is at the Museum), attained a dramatic quality the mezzotint never afterward reached, and which his Flemish contemporaries, like Blooteling and Vaillant, could not approach.

In the Low Countries, the early practice of mezzotint etching coincided with the decay of art. Vandyck, whose painting would have lent itself so admirably to its use, died too soon. It was never successful in rendering the truthful realism of Dutch pictures. Those etchers who, like Valck, left Holland for England, were as poor stuff as Lely himself and the society they portrayed. The English court was then in a Gallic garb, and the clothes fitted badly. Windsor followed Versailles; Althea copied Astrée, and a French mistress ruled an English king. Two prints of Louise de Kéroualle, whom Charles made Duchess of

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Portsmouth, are at the Exhibition, where those of the King and his less merry Queen by Sherwin, first of English etchers, have discreetly been placed back to back. There, also, are portraits of other charmers of that age—*La belle* Stuart, and Anne Killigrew and the Matchless Orinda. But whether we see them in mezzotint or in Lely and Kneller's oils, they are alike insipid and expressionless.

One remembers the reign of Anne rather in letters than by the arts. The etchers of her day are poor company, too slavishly bound by their craft's limitations, knowing not whom to follow. Unlike line-engraving or copperplate etching, the mezzotint is unable to stand alone. It has flourished only as a handmaid to painting, and needed the brush of a great artist to awaken it. If the first half of the eighteenth century is thus its dull period, the second is the golden age. In Fisher and Watson, in Val. Green and John Raphael Smith, the mezzotint attained perfection as an artistic medium in interpreting the masterpieces of Reynolds and Gainsborough. From their painting it drew the theme of its inspiration, and what it missed in depth and intensity it gained in warmth and charm. Few pictures can exceed in attraction the full-length prints of Lady Sarah Bunbury and Elizabeth Linley, of Mrs. Bouverie and the Duchess of Rutland. If the men of that age were arrogantly insular, the women were delightfully so. Seeing their portraits, it is easy to understand the caprices of the modern collector in lately rocketing the prices of the auction-room. There is no need for the initiated to despise this art of the eighteenth century as merely fit for the comprehension of bankers. It requires no such apology. And if in one sense it is best suited for the dining-room and the boudoir, if its qualities are only on the surface, its faults are no more deep-rooted. It is frankly sincere in its limitations, and pretends to be what it is—a charming *pastiche* of painting.

Like Latin poetry, the mezzotint passed through a silver age. In the early years of the last century, when the spirit of Waterloo and the mood of Byron were in Englishmen, a second generation of etchers—the two Wards, and George Dawe, S. W. Reynolds and Charles Turner, to mention the foremost—preserved in mezzotint the features of those who on either side of the Tweed had been painted by Lawrence and Raeburn; and the black shadows of the latter in skilful hands lent themselves splendidly to the treatment of the print. But the death-knell of the art had rung, and about 1820 the new process of steel engraving dealt it the fatal blow. But in treasuring the mezzotint in collections its charm will always evoke the savor of the eighteenth century. Modern utilitarianism will find in it, perhaps, another merit: if the paintings of the great age in English art were all destroyed, one could reconstruct them from the mezzotint, and with it the historic portraiture of the Georgian era.

LEWIS EINSTEIN.

Correspondence.

THOMAS'S "LYCIDAS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I would be the last to question Mr. Andrews's (or any other man's) right to his own opinion of Mr. Harvard Thomas's (or any other artist's) work. But when Mr. Andrews undertakes to explain the manner in which I form my opinions, then I must protest. I am not in the habit of inflicting on the readers of the *Nation* my first impressions of whatever it may be, after a cursory glance. Mr. Andrews seems to object to my haste. I wonder he does not complain of my slowness. For, just as it was news to you to learn that John Harvard had left descendants, so it was news to me to learn that the selecting committee at the Academy, after refusing work submitted to them, begged that it might be presented again. Evidently this startling departure on the part of the Academy has become town talk in Capri before the rumor of it has had time to reach London. But I can assure Mr. Andrews that, whatever may be thought in Capri, in London I hold it a great distinction to differ from the unanimous opinions on art expressed in all the big and little journals, from the *Times* down—or up. If he knew those journals and their critics a trifle better, it might have occurred to him that, if the critics were so ready to agree, it was possibly not altogether because of their admiration for Mr. Thomas's "Lycidas," but because of the opportunity its rejection gave for a long-hoped-for attack on the Academy.

Mr. Thomas is to be condoled with for the sensation forced upon him. As I have said, there is nothing in the Academy to be compared with his fine statue. But even were it perfection, its merit would never have dragged it into sudden notoriety: it was because of its treatment by Academicians that it found itself suddenly famous in London. Mr. Andrews's appreciation for the work of his friend is charming; but he should remember—what I thought no one nowadays needed to be reminded of—that it matters not a jot how long an artist has labored over his work or how sublime his theories may be, it is by his achievement alone that he is to be judged.—Yours truly, "N. N."

LONDON, July 16, 1905.

LIBRARIES IN THE AZORES AND AT GIBRALTAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may be interesting to passengers by the southern route to Europe to know that there are at Punta Delgado in the Azores and at Gibraltar libraries well worth a visit. The one at Punta Delgado is in a monastery which, in common with all the others in the group, has been converted to the uses of either the central or municipal government. It is within easy reach of the port. The principal school, the Museum, and the Library occupy rooms surrounding the cloister. In the church is a model of a ship in gala rig, the only votive offering left. The Library contains some 20,000 books, mostly the result of collecting all the books from the suppressed monasteries. It abounds in early Madeira and Lisbon imprints. In addition to the theology are many books of science in French and Portuguese, many of these Transactions of scientific institutions. Naturally, there are many books on Columbus, including the works of Harrisse, D'Avezac, and the publications issued during the Columbus celebration a few years since. The oldest book was of 1515. A large private library, mostly of scientific books, has been deposited in the Library for use during the absence of the owner in Europe. The Library is supported by the city. The amount raised for books is $300; about as much is paid to the librarian. While the Library is intended for circulation, the character of the books is noteworthy. The circulation reaches 500 a year.

In Gibraltar, not unnaturally, the Library is under military control. It is known as the Gibraltar Garrison Library. The building is plain, but admirably adapted for the purpose. On the ground floor is the main library, on high shelves, mostly behind glass doors, beyond which is a ladies' room, opening on to a garden where at 4 P. M. is served afternoon tea. On the upper floor is a reading-room for men, on the table of which are many valuable atlases. Next to it is a fine room for smokers. All through the building the walls are covered with books; the collection must reach 60,000, including many of extreme interest on Gibraltar. The collection of the Gibraltar *Chronicle* is probably unique, being absolutely complete. I only had time to note that the first account of the battle of New Orleans which reached the Rock on March 18, 1815, spoke of British victory. The true version, with the letters of Keane and others, taken from the London *Gazette*, was published on April 18. The collection of the *Times* goes back only to 1870. A pamphlet on the Siege of Gibraltar published in London in 1782, which I had picked up in New York on the morning of sailing, seemed to be unknown.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM BEER,
Librarian Howard Memorial Library,
New Orleans.

NAPLES, July 18, 1905.

J.-J. ROUSSEAU AND THE "YELLOW PERIL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nobody seems as yet to have remarked that the first to prophesy the "yellow peril," and even the present war, was Jean-Jacques Rousseau in his little-read 'Contrat Social' (chap. viii.): "L'Empire de Russie voudra subjuguer l'Europe, et sera subjugué lui-même. Les Tartares, ses sujets ou ses voisins, deviendront ses maîtres et les nôtres; cette révolution me paraît infaillible." Voltaire laughed at that passage, and upbraided Rousseau for writing like the author of a popular almanac. Has any other writer of the eighteenth century understood the peril arising for Russia from her Eastern, not from her Western, neighbors?

Truly yours, SALOMON REINACH.

Notes.

The first volume of a German translation of Mr. Henry C. Lea's 'History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages' has appeared at Bonn with the imprint of Carl Georgi, as a portly octavo of pages xxxviii., 648. The translators are Heinz Wieck and Max Rachel, under the supervision of Dr. Joseph Hansen, Archivist of Cologne, well known for his researches in this field, who has

CARNEGIE BRANCH
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added such annotations as seemed desirable. For the remaining volumes he will have the coöperation of Prof. Herman Haupt of Giessen; so that the work appears under the best auspices.

Autumn announcements of the Baker & Taylor Co. are 'The Appreciation of Pictures,' by Russell Sturgis; 'Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts,' by Ralph Adams Cram; and 'Romances of Old France,' by Richard Le Gallienne.

The new edition of 'Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World,' now proceeding in charge of Messrs. Angelo and Louis Heilprin, will show an increase of some 27,000 names, two-thirds of which will appertain to the "domain" of the United States. It may be expected in October.

The new edition of Kenyon Cox's 'Old Masters and New,' announced by Fox, Duffield & Co., is to be illustrated.

An exhaustive Concordance to Tennyson, modelled on that of Mr. John Bartlett to Shakspere, has been undertaken by Dr. H. L. Hargrove of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, and is well along towards completion.

'Womanhood in Art,' essays by Phœbe Estelle Spalding of Claremont College, Los Angeles, is in the press of Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. It will be illustrated.

The Oxford Clarendon Press is to bring out in four volumes a translation of the Works of Lucian of Samosata by H. W. and F. G. Fowler.

The illustrated catalogue of the loan collection of historical portraits which was on view at Oxford last spring, will be issued immediately from the above University Press (New York: H. Frowde). The portraits are those of English historical personages who died between 1625 and 1714, and nearly seventy of them are illustrated in the catalogue, to which Mr. Lionel Cust contributes an introduction.

A unique and interesting periodical, which, however, has ceased publication, is the *South Polar Times*. It was issued monthly by the officers of the National Antarctic Expedition on board the *Discovery* during the long and dreary winters of 1902 and 1903, among other diversions to lighten the monotony of the perpetual night. Its contents range over a wide field, grave and gay, scientific and humorous, prose and poetry, including a diary of events and the proceedings of the Debating Society. A striking feature is the numerous illustrations, both in color and in black and white. Some are by Dr. Wilson of the animal life, particularly the penguins, while others are pictures of life on board ship, and silhouettes and caricatures of members of the expedition. There are 500 quarto typewritten pages, and, provided subscriptions enough to cover the expense are received, a limited number of reproductions in absolute facsimile will be issued.

The seventh and eighth volumes of the Public Papers of George Clinton, First Governor of New York, have issued from the office of the State Printer at Albany. The period covered by the earlier is from June 1, 1781, to January 1, 1782, when the Revolutionary series comes to an end; its index will, we are told by the State Historian, be published separately. Volume viii. deals with peaceful matters. The editing is, as usual, eccentric. There is an assortment of portraits, views of buildings, maps, and other facsimiles, interesting in themselves at least.

Considerable inedited material concerning Aaron Burr's conspiracy is contained in appendices ii.-iv. to the third Annual Report of the Director of the Department for Archives and History of the State of Mississippi, just published.

A 'Documentary History of Dunmore's War, 1774,' has been compiled by Dr. Thwaites and Louise P. Kellogg from the Draper MSS., in the library of the Wisconsin Historical Society. It is a private enterprise, is inexpensively manufactured, and limited to 1,000 copies. The editors have served the need of students by inserting in their footnotes copious references to documents whose bulk forbade their use in this collection. A portrait of Lord Dunmore is prefixed.

One of the latest issues in Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co.'s handy "Belles-Lettres Series" is 'Selected Poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne,' edited, with introduction and notes, by William Morton Payne. In form and method Mr. Payne's introduction must be pronounced a model. We find him somewhat too lenient when he remarks that "a certain diffuseness is the condition of success in the long and swinging metres, which best exemplify his [Swinburne's] powers"; from this very diffuseness, in fact, arises too often an obscurity which is Mr. Swinburne's greatest fault as a poet. With what the editor has to say about Mr. Swinburne's theological and political views we are in full accord; the indiscretions of the poet's youth have too long been laid up against him. The selection of poems could hardly be improved upon. The editor's grouping of the poems according to form certainly justifies itself in the case of Mr. Swinburne, of whom it is true that "between the poems of his youth and those of his maturer years there are no marked differences of artistic finish." The notes are exemplary for their concise and lucid statement.

'Ireland's Story,' by Mr. C. Johnston and Miss C. Spencer (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is intended for "schools, reading circles, and general readers." It begins with the picturesque traditions of the Baltic invaders about 2000 B. C., and closes with an account of Wyndham's Land Purchase Act of 1903. The interest of the book is mainly political, but a few pages at the end sum up Ireland's achievements in literature. The Irish literary revival is, of course, not forgotten, and there are some good characteristic passages quoted from Yeats, Russell, and the rest. The authors of the book are extremely sanguine as to the future of Ireland and the Irish race. For the latter, indeed, no anxiety need be felt; the Irish have shown a vitality and a power of recovery that have never been surpassed. But unless the leak at Queenstown is stopped, unless by some miracle Ireland becomes commercial instead of agricultural, the future triumphs of the Irish will not be in the land of the race. The writers of the present work have managed to condense a vast amount of information into their sketch of some 400 pages. The illustrations are numerous and fairly good, and the work is written without any unnecessary rancor towards the English, such as often disfigures books inspired, like this, by a spirit of patriotism.

Mr. H. C. Davis of Balliol College, Oxford, has done a very useful piece of work in getting up a reprint of Jowett's translation of Aristotle's 'Politics' (New York: Henry Frowde). He has furnished Jowett's excellent translation with a much-needed index, an analysis and introduction, the last containing a brief account of Aristotle for the general reader. The reprint, which is in a small and convenient volume, will be found especially useful by students of political science who are not students of Greek. Not that even students of Greek in this country can be supposed to read their 'Politics,' when they read it at all, in the original. Aristotle as a whole in America has become even for Greek scholars merely a work of reference. We have often heard this fact regretted and invidious comparisons made with Oxford, where the traditions of the schoolmen still linger and Aristotle is read as diligently as Plato himself. Every honor man at Oxford (and Cambridge, too, for the matter of that) reads the 'Ethics' and a part of the 'Metaphysics,' while the 'Poetics' must, of course, be known by heart. That is all very well, and nothing else would be creditable where men devote three or four years of university study exclusively to the Greek and Latin classics. But in this country to read more than the 'Poetics' would hardly profit a student, who in any case must leave much of the best literature of Greece untouched for sheer lack of time. Every thorough student should have the 'Poetics' by his side when he is reading the Greek tragedians, partly because it is interesting to see what plays an intelligent Greek preferred and why; partly because no one can understand the history of the drama in Europe unless he knows Aristotle's prescription for making a tragedy. For the rest, Aristotle is one of the few authors that gain by translation. He is "the master of those who know," but the artist doesn't merely "know," he invents, or speaks to you of things that are not matters of knowledge. There must be an ingredient of Aristotle in every scholar who is *teres atque rotundus*, but it is not for Aristotle's sake that we must all read Greek if we want to appreciate other literatures; and it is for that appreciation and for that alone that the study of the Greek and Latin classics will still be pursued.

Of considerable value to the anthropologist is the 'Album of Philippine Types,' mostly of Christians and Moros, published under the auspices of the Philippine Exposition Board (Manila, 1904). The work was directed by Daniel Folkmar of Paris. Besides the photographs, physical measurements of several sorts are given, including the cephalic and the nasal index. Forty-three provincial types are represented. Inasmuch as the subjects were taken from among the inmates of the great Bilibid prison, we might suspect their typical quality; but comparative measurements are given to show them to be approximately typical of their several provinces. From the standpoint of the technical anthropologist it is a pity that the photographs should be of the head merely. On the whole, even to the accustomed eye of the student of backward races, these specimens look like a bad lot. Undoubtedly they, as criminals, misrepresent the type in this respect.

Daily Consular *and* Trade Reports has been since Monday, July 17, the title of the publication issued by the Bureau of

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Manufactures, Department of Commerce and Labor. It is more attractive, in some respects, than the old issue, is printed on both sides of the page, and so will contain more material, and there is apparently to be distinctively editorial work upon it. We welcome these improvements as signs of the growing appreciation of this Government publication. It is interesting to the general reader as giving in compact form glimpses of the industrial and commercial progress of the whole world. But to the manufacturer of goods for foreign markets and the merchant who places them, it is of inestimable value. Especially noteworthy are the numerous extracts from reports showing how other nations, particularly the Germans, succeed in building up a foreign commerce, and the clear, practical information as to how American goods can win like success.

The evolution of Russian Government is the subject of the opening article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for July. The author, Prof. E. A. Grosvenor of Amherst College, attributes the fact that the Middle Ages ceased in Russia with the accession of Peter the Great, two centuries and a half later than in Western Europe, mainly to the influence of the vast plain which constitutes the European empire. Mountains, at once a bulwark and defence and an inspiration, were denied this land. He briefly sketches the political history to the present time, showing how all advances began at the top and worked downward. The people have again and again opposed attempts to establish a constitutional government, preferring the paternal rule of "The Little Father." Consequently still everywhere, in the village mir as well as in the Imperial Senate, his power is felt, justifying the Slavic proverb, "In Russia two are everywhere, God and the Tsar." Mr. E. Hioki of the Japanese Legation maintains that the purpose of the Anglo-Japanese alliance is the maintenance of peace, and closes with the assertion that Japan has no desire for the Philippines, and does not threaten the United States commercially. He looks forward confidently to the continuance of peaceful and harmonious trade relations between the two countries. There are numerous illustrations of Russian scenes, including a most interesting and attractive picture of the Tsar and his family.

Sir Clements R. Markham's services in the cause of geography for more than half a century are commemorated in the *Geographical Journal* for July, beginning with his farewell address as president to the Royal Geographical Society, in which he chronicles the progress of discovery in the twelve years of his presidency, emphasizing especially the promotion of geographical education, which has resulted in the establishment of schools of geography in the leading universities. The closing pages contain the speeches at the banquet in his honor, that of the new president, Sir G. T. Goldie, being practically a biographical sketch. From this it appears that Sir Clements began his life-work as a member of the Arctic expedition of 1850-51. Among the fruits of his explorations in South America, chiefly in the forests east of the Andes, occupying from two to three years, was the introduction of the quinine-bearing cinchona tree into India, where it has produced incalculably beneficial results to large sections of the Indian people. Mr. Markham accompanied the Abyssinian expedition of 1867-68 as geographer, and was present at the storming of Magdala. His later years have been largely devoted to the practical encouragement of exploring expeditions. It should be added that he has been president of the Hakluyt Society for some fifteen years and has edited several of its publications.

The tide of interest in the group of doctrines called pragmatism, anthropomorphism, humanism, radical empiricism, will-to-believe-ism, instrumentalism, and by several other names, does not seem to abate. There is a "pragmatist club" in Florence, and several members of the review *Leonardo* have been considerably taken up with a controversy on the subject between Signor Mario Calderoni and a writer signing himself Giuliano il Sofista. Professor Vailati has touched upon the dispute in the *Rivista di Psicologia*. The last number of the Geneva *Archives de Psychologie* contains an article written by Professor James in French, and even more charmingly than he writes in English, because more clearly, in which he maintains that the distinction between thing and thought is exclusively functional, and by no means ontological. There are pragmatists who, holding that an ontological distinction is a distinction only so far as it is functional, will see in Professor James's doctrine only a fine elaboration and extension of the theory of immediate perception. It is, at any rate, a fine stone to be added to the edifice the humanists are building up. It is, so far, a house at war against itself concerning not inconsiderable questions; but perhaps this will not endanger its stability, and it certainly renders the discussions more interesting.

Scholarships for American women in English universities on the lines of the Rhodes scholarships for men are to be founded by the Society of American Women in London. At a recent meeting (July 3) of the Society, the scheme was broached, and the hope expressed that the coöperation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in America, comprising about 700,000 members, would be secured. The scholarships will be tenable for one year, and will be open to two students from each State.

Bavaria, which about a year ago opened its three universities to women on exactly the same terms as to men, has gone one step farther, and now permits women to matriculate also in the technological institutes. During the present summer semester ten women are regularly inscribed in the Institute at Munich.

The Imperial College of Applied Science, which it is proposed to establish in London, is the latest proof that at last Englishmen have grasped the truth that money intelligently applied to the scientific guidance of industry is one of the best investments in the world. They have seen industries which have originated in England drift away to Germany, and have reached the conviction that, if they are to hold their own in the modern industrial world, British students must have facilities for technical instruction equal to those which exist in France, Germany, and the United States. A committee was appointed more than a year ago, of which Mr. R. B. Haldane is chairman, to see how this could be brought about. A preliminary report has just been published which formulates a plan for the union of the many agencies for scientific training in London under one supreme council in which the Board of Education shall be represented. It also recommends the establishment of a department affording a full course of instruction in the mining and metallurgy of metals produced in India and the colonies. A site at South Kensington will probably be provided for the buildings by the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, and a gift of half a million dollars is promised by a London business firm as soon as the scheme takes practical shape. The Government, too, will grant an annual subsidy of £20,000.

German literary journals note with pleasure that the Finnish people, notwithstanding political oppression at the hands of Russia, continue their learned interests unabated. The excellent Finnish Literary Society is publishing a series of translations of classics in philosophy. Plato's 'Gorgias' and the writings of Descartes have recently been followed by a two-volume translation of Rousseau's 'Émile.' At the same time the Society published a second instalment of popular Finnish melodies and songs.

The most noteworthy recent death in the literary circles of Germany is that of Father Heinrich Denifle, who died in Munich while on his way to Cambridge to receive from the English university the theological doctorate. Denifle's researches, particularly in the pre-Reformatory religious life of Europe, were so conspicuous for scholarship and independent thought, that he was one of the few Catholic savants whose investigations were recognized by Protestant scholars also. All the greater was the surprise, to friend and foe, when, three years ago, Denifle, who had in the meanwhile become "sub-archivarius" in the Vatican Library, came out with the first volume of a Luther biography, depicting the Reformer as a voluptuous and evil-minded man. Luther's own words, especially in his 'Table-Talk,' were largely used for this portrait. This led at once to bitter controversies with Denifle's former Protestant friends; the leading discussion, that with Harnack of Berlin, ending in Denifle declaring his opponent a "liar."

—A year ago the management of *Harper's Magazine* made an arrangement for a careful study of conditions in Africa, especially as concerns the slave trade, which the Berlin Conference was supposed to have ended, but which did not yield as readily as the more sanguine had expected. Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, who is at the head of the present expedition, makes his first report in the August number, dealing chiefly with matters about the trading points down the West Coast, where the ravages of one of the deadliest climates on earth are aided by the barter of intoxicating drink "which profound knowledge of chemistry and superior technical education have enabled the Germans to produce in a more poisonous form than any other nation." Concerning the coast as a possible place for enterprising settlers, Mr. Nevinson is utterly pessimistic. "Until the white man develops a new kind of blood and a new kind of inside, the coast will kill him." As to the natives, he sees no hope in the older ideas of the rights

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of man and equality in the sight of God. It is only in a small and diminishing circle in England and America that these phrases retain their influence, and with the men who control the destiny of Africa they mean nothing at all. Mr. Nevinson is now in the interior. Prof. Simon Newcomb discusses anew the question whether life exists in the universe outside the limits of our own sphere. In his view the logical probability is that there are many other spheres existing under practically the same conditions as the earth, and therefore probably inhabited by similar forms of life. Professor Lounsbury, having demonstrated in previous articles that usage, and not the grammars and dictionaries, constitutes the only standard of correctness in language, proceeds now to show that in many of the most troublesome cases we are entirely devoid of knowledge as to what the preponderance of good usage really is. The outcome of this discussion seems likely to be an endless harvest of statistical dissertations on *minute points of English style from the* English departments of our universities.

—Professor Wrong and Mr. H. H. Langton continue to find ample material for their 'Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada' (Toronto: Morang & Co.). The ninth volume, which covers 1904, takes in about four hundred titles, and furnishes what to all intents is a complete bibliography of its subject for the year past. While no extensive work of great importance on Canadian history, geography, or economics, has appeared during the year in question, the number of creditable monographs is rather larger than usual. Chief among these, in our opinion, stands a life of Talon by Thomas Chapais, which is entitled 'Jean Talon, Intendant de la Nouvelle France (1665-1672).' Other valuable studies are 'Les Normands au Canada,' by the Abbé Gosselin, Gen. Robinson's 'Life of Sir J. B. Robinson,' the lives of Papineau and Cartier by Alfred DeCelles, Dr. Ganong's 'Dochet Island,' and the 'Death of Dulhut,' by the late William McLennan. Among documents, the "Relation par Lettres de l'Amérique Septentrionale," by Father Camille de Rochemonteix, is perhaps the most valuable collection. Among books of travel, Hanbury's 'Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada' seems to have received more notice than any other work, and is certainly an interesting, straightforward account of unusual experiences. Professor Wrong and Mr. Langton may be said to have proved their talent for organization, since year after year they keep together a representative and widely scattered staff of reviewers. The two most extensive contributors to the present volume are Mr. J. H. Coyne and Prof. A. F. Chamberlain—that is to say if we except the editors, whose own articles continue to be unsigned. We must not neglect to mention among the biographies of men recently deceased a Life of Principal Grant, by W. L. Grant and Frederick Hamilton, and a Life of Principal MacVicar, by J. H. MacVicar. Both these books deserve the attention of those who would be familiar with the progress of education in Canada during the past forty years. A singular slip occurs on the last page of the publication in a notice of Sedgwick's 'Parkman.' After alluding to the refusal of Laval University to give Parkman an LL.D., the reviewer proceeds: "It is strange, indeed, that neither the University of Toronto nor McGill University should have thought of filling the breach." But Parkman received an LL.D. from McGill; and, what is more, Mr. Sedgwick says so.

—Mr. Heinemann has issued an *édition de luxe* of the Catalogue of the Whistler Memorial Exhibition, held in London last winter under the auspices of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, of which Whistler was the first President; his official and friendly relations with the Society continuing until his death. The text of the ordinary edition sold during the exhibition has been carefully revised. To make any kind of catalogue of Whistler's work, as any one who has attempted it knows, is extremely difficult. For his prints, various authorities already exist; but etchings and lithographs hitherto uncatalogued are constantly appearing, nor is it always easy to trace the various states. To the Catalogue of the London Exhibition alone, fifteen etchings and twenty-three lithographs, never described before, were added. But the great difficulty begins with the paintings, water-colors, and pastels. Old catalogues of the exhibitions in which they were first shown may be found and consulted, but the titles Whistler usually gave them make their identification an almost impossible task. Harmonies in Gray and Silver or Blue and Gold, as it may be, occur again and again, and it is only when he also gave a very necessary sub-title that one can decide exactly which was the special "Harmony" sent to a certain exhibition in a certain year; though, even then, there is the further difficulty that, having given a picture title and sub-title, he was not incapable of changing both. However, the compiler of the International Catalogue has done his best; further information was collected while the pictures were on the walls of the New Gallery; and, in the *édition de luxe*, dates are added in the great majority of cases; a fact that immensely increases the value of the catalogue as a record.

—This edition is illustrated, and the illustrations are numerous and, as a rule, admirable. Some of Whistler's paintings, the "Nocturne Blue and Silver—St. Mark's," for instance, could not be reproduced satisfactorily by any method or process, and the block, giving none of the color or mystery of the original, is bound to tend to smudginess. Two or three of the pastels might have been omitted. But these are the few exceptions. The greater number of plates and blocks are astonishingly good. The "Old Battersea Bridge," the picture just bought in England for the nation, to take one example, is reproduced simply by process, but the quality and tone of the painting are wonderfully well kept; while the plate after the portrait of M. Duret has only to be compared with the two reproductions—one in color—in M. Duret's book on Whistler, for its excellence to be realized. Altogether the Catalogue is of very great value and interest to every student of Whistler and his work. Moreover, it is sure to have the further virtue of rarity, the greatest of all virtues to the collector. It has been issued in a very limited number, only to subscribers. Already the ordinary catalogue, which went into five editions and was exhausted before the close of the exhibition, has been sold for five and ten shillings, so that it seems likely the *édition de luxe* will at once be in demand among the people who buy books not only for their own pleasure, but as a good investment.

—We have received Part I. of the 'Dictionnaire International des Écrivains du Monde Latin,' edited by Prof. Angelo De Gubernatis. It is a quarto of nearly 300 double-column pages, containing more than 2,000 biographical sketches from Aars to Carretti. The editor's purpose is to make a sort of 'Who's Who' of all persons now living who have written about the Latin world. The largest number of sketches belongs naturally to Italians, but there is a fair proportion of French and Spanish names, and a sprinkling of at least a dozen other nationalities, including the Rumanian, Swiss, Russian, Belgian, Scandinavian, German, Portuguese, British, and American. Especial attention has been paid to scholars, so that we find here the authors of important works on Latin philology, archæology, and history, not less than poets and novelists. The sketches are compiled after Vapereau's model, a little more diffuse than those in the American 'Who's Who.' M. Brunetière, for instance, is honored by a two-column notice, in which, as in many of the others, there is a personal note; but, in general, ten or fifteen lines suffice. An examination of many of the entries shows that the work has been well done. Except for evident typographical slips, we have observed few misstatements, the most amusing being that which describes Augustine Birrell as "femme auteur anglaise demeurant à Chelsea." Equally amusing is this declaration, in the notice of Sir Alfred Austin: "Lorsqu'on a songé en 1896 à donner un successeur à Tennyson, on pouvait choisir entre Austin et Swinburne: le choix tomba sur *le plus mélodieux des deux*"! Are we to infer that this was one of the cases where the celebrity himself supplied the sketch? The great usefulness of the work for reference does not need to be pointed out. It gives information not otherwise obtainable about thousands of European scholars and writers. Incidentally it promotes Prof. De Gubernatis's patriotic desire of uniting, intellectually at least, the members of the Latin race, and of bringing to their knowledge the works of their friends of the northern races. Being written in French, the dictionary is accessible to every one. It will be complete in four parts, the last of which will be ready in the early autumn. Prof. De Gubernatis proposes next year to found an *Annuaire du Monde Latin* to continue and amplify his plan. The dictionary, which scholars and libraries can hardly do without, is published by himself at Via S. Martino in Macao, No. 11, Rome.

—The monthly lists of current publications relating to bibliography and library economy, etc., which Dr. Adalbert Hortzschansky contributed during 1904 to the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*, have now been collected into an annual volume under the title *Bibliographie des Bibliotheks- und Buchwesens*. As the compiler states in the preface, completeness has not been aimed at; only such titles have been selected under the heads of Book Industry and the Book Trade as have been considered of in-

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terest to librarians, and not even the literature of libraries contains all that is known to have been published; larger space has been given to German than to foreign institutions, to scientific than to popular libraries. This limitation of the scope of the work is unfortunate, though it was presumably to some extent unavoidable in a first volume. We hope that future volumes will at least remove the ban on the popular libraries, thus giving a reasonably complete survey of German librarianship in all its branches. The omission of the *Blätter für Volksbibliotheken* is presumably explained by this limitation, but if so, why include the *Borromäus-Blätter*? The period covered by this volume does not coincide with the calendar year, but consists of the latter part (from October) of 1903 and the major part of 1904. It is, therefore, futile to mention omissions. Nothing but unintentional oversight, however, can explain the omission of the *Revista Bibliografica Catalana*, or of the 'Accessions-Katalog' of the Swedish libraries. The arrangement of the material is also open to some criticism. It would seem, for instance, that few persons would care to get a survey of everything that has been published during the year concerning a single library, compared with those who would like to know what library catalogues have been issued, what library reports, or what historical or descriptive works about single libraries. Under the heading "Cataloguing," we find a few miscellaneous titles of articles on cataloguing, indexing, and classification; but Dr. Erman's article outlining his plan for a coöperative cataloguing of German libraries is found under "Works relating to Several Libraries: Germany and Austria," while Mr. Jast's article entitled "A Simple and Economic Plan for Founding a Catalogue Bureau for Public Libraries" has been classed among material relating to Popular Libraries and Reading Rooms. A singular error, which seems to indicate that the compiler has not always examined even publications that have been within easy reach, is found on page 88, where Mr. H. R. Plomer's article, "Secret Printing during the Civil War," printed in the *Library*, is classed under "Bibliography of History: United States and Canada." A reliable, comprehensive, international bibliography of current literature about the Book remains a desideratum.

—Within recent weeks items of much interest have been announced through bulletins and circulars issued by the various astronomical observatories. The sixth satellite of Jupiter was discovered by Mr. Perrine at the Lick Observatory in January, and the tenth satellite of Saturn by William H. Pickering at Harvard College Observatory in April, both by means of photographic plates. The latter moon has a period of twenty-one days, and its distance from Saturn is a little less than that of Hyperion, also discovered at Harvard in 1848. Late in May the first winter snow appeared on Mars, as reported from the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona. It covered an immense area, and surrounded the old polar cap in its Arctic regions. In the same month the Martian canals were photographed at Flagstaff, some of them appearing on more than twenty negatives. From Harvard comes a May circular on the variations of brightness in the four most brilliant satellites of Jupiter. Because of optical illusion, or subjective effect, making them appear faint when very near the planet, a series of measures was made to determine any actual change, with the polarizing photometer attached to the 15-inch telescope at Cambridge. In the order of their brightness they always stood III, I, II, IV, but no evidence of variation can be traced during the time these measures were being made. Of perhaps greater general interest is the bulletin announcing the discovery in the Small Magellanic Cloud of more than 900 variable stars, on sixteen plates mades at Arequipa. The number of stars photographed (with adjacent clusters) is about 280,000—showing thus a large proportion of variables. One of the latest Harvard bulletins gives notice of a probable new star, R S Ophiuchi. Usually the life of such a new object is marked by its sudden appearance in a spot where was no star before, and a gradual fading away until it retreats into a gaseous nebula. But this star has been carefully observed for some years, and both its spectrum and light curves indicate that it should be regarded as a veritable Nova, rather than one of the mysterious brotherhood of variables which, flaming dramatically into photographic negatives, soon fade beyond the reach of even the most sensitive plates.

—Contributions (numbers 1 and 2) have come from the Carnegie Institution at Washington, relating to solar observations at Mount Wilson, in California. Comparisons with observations made upon the sun at Pike's Peak, Mount Ætna, and Mount Hamilton show that Mount Wilson is perhaps the best of all, the solar image being more perfectly defined on many more days; and altogether it offers unusual qualifications for a solar observatory. Five illustrations are given of the mountain, its ascent by horses drawing astronomical material, and some of the buildings and instruments, with full descriptions. It has been decided that families of the mountain astronomers shall live in Pasadena, easily reached in two hours and a half, rather than to isolate them in this high altitude colony. Also, that the extensive machine shops of Los Angeles shall be utilized instead of transporting heavy mechanical material to the summit. Usual complications of remote observing stations are thus largely eliminated, and special work can proceed unhampered.

THE VENN FAMILY ANNALS.

Annals of a Clerical Family: Being Some Account of the Family and Descendants of William Venn, Vicar of Otterton, Devon, 1600-1621. Macmillan & Co. 1904.

This simplest, though most laboriously accurate, of domestic chronicles is at once a series of very truthful and interesting biographies, and also a weighty contribution towards the history of a religious movement which has affected the whole life of modern England. "In pious memory of devout and worthy ancestors," writes the author of the Venn family annals, "these pages have been gratefully compiled." This sentence hits off with exquisite precision the leading traits of the whole family. A reviewer who looks at the Annals mainly from their domestic point of view, may wisely take this dedication as his text, and try (though the task is one of some difficulty) to expound its full meaning.

The external fact which immediately arrests attention is that the line of Venns, who have for three centuries been zealous ministers of the Church of England, constitutes in strictness an ancestry of which any descendant may be gratefully proud. For centuries there has never been wanting a descendant of William Venn of Otterton (himself a clergyman) to render good service to the Church of England as a minister of the national church. In the long clerical succession, which extends from the time of Elizabeth till towards the close of the reign of Victoria, are included by the writer of the family annals five men at least of marked individuality, of high character, of great practical capacity, whose lives cover a period of some 200 years. Each of them commanded general respect, each exerted powerful religious influence; but, of the positions of honor and emolument with which the Church of England has rewarded at times the virtues and not rarely the demerits of the clergy, the descendants of William Venn of Otterton have had practically no share. No one of them has, so far as a reader can observe, occupied an ecclesiastical office of higher dignity than a canonry. Not to receive honors is in this case an honor; but the consistent neglect, alike by prime ministers and bishops, of clergymen marked by acknowledged virtues and talent may excite some curious reflections in regard to the benefit derived by a nation from the maintenance of a wealthy and established church. The long and hereditary succession of eminent clergymen is a phenomenon well worth notice. At a time when clerics or clericalized laymen of undoubted zeal for what they deem religion demand reconciliation with (or, in other words, submission to) the Church of Rome, it is worth notice that an unmarried priesthood, whatever its other merits, can never produce that inheritance of virtue handed down from father to son which, in some families at any rate, distinguishes the married clergy of Protestant countries.

What, however, was the essential characteristic, or, in other words, the inherited peculiarity, of the Venns? The answer is not hard to find. The note of the family character was the combination in each one of its members of the two qualities of devoutness and worthiness. This assertion means something much more than the statement that the clergymen whose lives are recorded in the Venn family annals were good men. This fusion of devoutness with worthiness is not a thing of every-day occurrence. Devoutness means a supreme interest in religion, or, if we consider the quality as it existed among the Venns, the habitual and hereditary tendency to regard the performance of duty in the light of conduct pursued under the influence of the love or fear of God. By worthiness, on the other hand, is meant the possession in a very marked degree of those qualities, such as bravery, honesty, ability, and common sense, which rightly command the respect of Englishmen. Now it is absolutely impossible to hold that devoutness or piety and strong practical ability are virtues which constantly, or it may be even usually, coexist. The Duke of Wellington and Sir

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Robert Peel in England, Washington and Franklin in the United States, are considered, whether rightly or not, as the representatives of a sense of duty and assuredly also as men of marked ability, but the word devoutness is hardly the expression which any man would apply to these national heroes. On the other hand, the annals of religious history abound in men marked by devoutness, but yet hardly to be called persons of strict common sense or immense practical ability. So obvious, indeed, is the tendency towards the severance of the gifts suited to obtain success in this world from the sentiment or the characteristics which are popularly associated with the idea of piety, that, by a natural though most unjustifiable prejudice, the mass of Englishmen are but too much accustomed to conceive that saintliness excludes the idea of common sense, and forget the most valuable and Biblical identification of wickedness with folly.

Now every page of the Venn family annals proves that each member of what we have termed the clerical succession possessed exactly the qualities of loyalty, energy, honesty, and capacity which lead to deserved worldly success, and that these secular virtues were with each of them lighted up and elevated by intense devoutness. In all of them were to be seen the virtues of good laymen combined with the ardent piety which popular imagination, at least, associates with the idea of a spiritually-minded clergyman. No family was so entirely clerical, no clerical family was ever so free from the vices of priestliness. If in an age when readers hold that nothing in human nature is interesting but that which is sickly, strange, or abnormal, the piety which gives a nobler touch to the virtues of every-day life—and these virtues themselves—seem to be common and uninteresting, the true answer to this depravity of taste is given by a novelist and a poet. "When you have lived to my years," said Scott to his daughter, "you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon."

This enhancement of English worthiness under the inspiration of hereditary devoutness reappears, though under different forms, in all the conspicuous members of the Venn family. Consider the career of Richard Venn of St. Antholin's, London, who first among the family made the Venn character tell upon the general life of England. He led the studious but active life of the London clergy, contrasted by Macaulay with the bulk of their country brethren. He may have seemed much like the high and dry churchmen of his day. His general conduct and his studious disposition commended him to the esteem of distinguished scholars, but he was much more than a commonplace clergyman. A romantic escape from the temptations offered by a beautiful though married woman to a handsome young man, crowned as it is by the description of his kneeling down at midnight in a solitary church to pour out thanks to Heaven for his escape from moral evil, blends a touch of romance with a sense of religious enthusiasm. His bravery is witnessed to by exploits which might do credit to any man's courage. The mixed sternness and affection displayed in the education of his children explains in part how the absolute and instant obedience to conscience was implanted by him in the hearts of his children, and handed on as a precious heirloom from one generation to another. The intrepid spirit of a man who could say with truth that he had never felt fear, was transformed by religious enthusiasm into heroic resistance to everything which he deemed to be wrong.

The Government of the day wished to promote to the bishopric of Gloucester one Dr. Rundle, who had once used in Venn's presence language which no man, whatever his opinions, could fail to feel unbecoming in the mouth of a clergyman, and which Venn and the religious men of the day felt to be blasphemous. It was a time of clerical apathy. Bishops who condemned the appointment of Rundle knew not how to prevent it. Richard Venn was bolder than the whole Episcopal bench. He announced that he would publicly at Bow Church protest against the appointment of Rundle, and ground his opposition upon the indecency of Rundle's language. He was known to be a man of his word. Offers of preferment could not seduce him, the threat of poverty could not drive him away from the path dictated by his conscience. Dr. Rundle never filled the See of Gloucester; the incumbent of St. Antholin's sacrificed every chance of preferment.

In the life of his son, Henry Venn of Huddersfield, you find the characteristics of the father repeated in a man, however, of essentially different character. You have still the combination of lay virtues with religious enthusiasm. In one sense this Henry Venn was the most eminent of his family. He threw himself heart and soul into Evangelicalism (which, be it remembered, was then the new spirit that gave fresh vigor and life to the religion, to the morality, and even to the politics of England). That Henry Venn was one of the most effective of preachers no human being can doubt; that his 'Complete Duty of Man' met the wants of the time (1763) is certain. Its success was rapid and wide; shortly after its author's death twenty editions had already been sold. This sort of manifesto of the Evangelical views may now strike us as one of those sermons which a reader "is accustomed to glance at and dismiss." But indeed no age can ever do full justice to the ethical or religious addresses which affect another. The simple truth is, that the best sermons owe their effectiveness to their harmony with the needs and feelings of the audience. All moralists teach pretty much one lesson. The great preacher is the man that teaches it in terms which go home to the men of his age. Still less can we hope that essays or sermons can reproduce the personal charm of their author. That Venn of Huddersfield possessed an element of strong personal attractiveness is clear. A colonel who had heard of him as a Methodist met him and treated him for a short time with haughtiness and reserve, but at last was fairly overcome by his conversation and manner. "Talk of Methodists," said the officer to his sister, "why this Mr. Venn is one of the most agreeable men I was ever in company with." Yet this teacher, with many of the graces of a man of the world, displayed on his deathbed an almost passionate religious fervor. He felt a triumphant joy in death. "Your father," said the doctor to Venn's daughter, "would have died a fortnight ago if it had not been for joy at dying."

Of the subjects of these family chronicles the last is John Venn of Hereford (1802-1890). In him the hereditary union of piety and practical ability took its very most lovable, and, in the eyes of a student of character, its most original form. He began his career as a layman. As one of the most brilliant of the civil servants trained at Haileybury, and as a young man who displayed during his short career in India the abilities and the high moral character which were an earnest of success in the civil service of the East India Company, he seemed destined to occupy a high place among the administrators who in the first quarter of the nineteenth century governed and extended England's Indian empire. Ill health compelled him to return to England after little more than a year's residence in India. He again displayed his aptitude in learning at Cambridge, and gained university honors which proved an innate capacity for success. Under the influence, however, of Simeon, he took orders, accepted a small living, and, as the vicar of St. Peter's, Hereford, passed all the working years of a long life in the zealous discharge of parochial duties. To many men this sacrifice of worldly ambition might have been a life-long disappointment. We doubt whether he or his relations ever felt the exchange of a probably brilliant for an almost unknown and very lowly remunerated career to be a sacrifice. He had, after all, returned to what one may call the sphere of work natural to and hereditary in his family. Nor, one may suppose, was the transition from the position of a layman to that of a clergyman more than a change of occupations. We may feel sure that in any case John Venn, whether at Hereford or in India, would have discharged the duties of life with rare ability and under the influence of religious devotion.

Still, the family character took in his case a very special turn. He exhibited, as his biographer notes, a very special kind of intellectual gift. He was

"a remarkable instance of a rare type of mind. He was one of those who, without the slightest pretence of scientific knowledge, seemed to possess an almost intuitive capacity of assimilating by conversation and observation every scientific suggestion which is able to help forward the practical schemes which they have at heart. He was the polar opposite of those who read everything that comes out and apply nothing."

Hence his ardent desire to save the souls of his parishioners was combined with an equally ardent wish, and, what is rarer, with an infinite capacity for devising plans, for their temporal benefit. With little knowledge of political economy, his common sense and insight led him to anticipate many of the methods now suggested by charity organizers for the management of allotments and loan societies for the benefit of the poor. Though without any socialistic leanings, he achieved one reform at least in which a Socialist might justly triumph. He created at Hereford a mill where all the flour should be honestly ground, and all the profits whereof above (if we remember rightly) 5 per cent. paid on the capital of the concern should be devoted to objects of local utility. He thus freed the poor from the oppression of fraudulent millers, and ultimately throughout a large district reformed the character of the millers themselves.

A distinct Calvinist, he gave a practical

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confutation of the idea that Calvinistic doctrine produces sternness or gloom. If he held man to be utterly depraved, he trusted individual men with only too much confidence; he in effect entertained the most cheery optimism in daily life. When past eighty-two, he said that he hardly knew whether it rather made him laugh or feel indignant when he heard people say that the world was getting worse and not better. During a discussion on the work of Dr. Farrar on the non-eternity of punishment, he said, in tones of the deepest feeling, "My dear, I wish with all my heart that I could believe every word he says. I can't now; perhaps I shall some day." These things may be called by some noble inconsistencies. They are really the profound trust in the old-enough doctrine, "Now abideth faith, hope, love; and the greatest of these is love."

RECENT FICTION.

A Dark Lantern. By Elizabeth Robins. The Macmillan Co.

Sawdust: A Polish Romance. By Dorothea Gerard (Madame Longard de Longarde). Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.

A Maid of Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Henry Holt & Co.

Miss Bellard's Inspiration. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.

On Tybee Knoll. By James B. Connolly. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Miss Robins's novel, entitled 'A Dark Lantern,' is full of agitating suggestion for inflammable circles where the woman question is always a burning one. Two problems of conduct are presented, discussed at great length, and solved according to the author's conception of right reason and the will of God. The first is, whether the heroine, Miss Dereham, shall or shall not consent to a morganatic marriage with a German prince, who cannot confer the title of Royal Highness on an English girl without rank, and, indeed, is not very eager to do so. His makeshift offer is spurned by Miss Dereham, and, when he tries to compromise her in a high-born kinsman's ancestral castle, his wicked device is frustrated by the energetic suspicion of the young lady's godmother, Lady Peterborough. Miss Dereham comes out of this affair with honor, and her behavior may be commended for imitation to any perplexed damsel in a similar situation. Her usefulness as a model can be limited only by the number of princes possessing the ancient privilege of left-handed marriage and anxious to urge it.

The second problem is not exactly universal in its bearing, but it touches common life more nearly. Some years (we are not told how many), after declining a sort of a marriage with a prince who courted her, Miss Dereham determines to live, without any sort of a marriage, with a physician who does not appear to want her at all! The problem presented is, whether a woman, feeling certain that she is experiencing a grand passion, is justified thereby in forcing herself upon a reluctant man, and in throwing dignity and decency overboard. Miss Robins finds such behavior not only justifiable, but admirable, and almost holy. She appears to believe that men have always had an unrestricted privilege of pursuit; but her impression is, we think, mistaken. Women in these matters are very well protected by the law, and, had the case been reversed, Miss Dereham could have summoned the police and obtained reasonable assurance of future immunity from annoyance. Contemplation of the male prerogative has gone to Miss Robins's head and disturbed her faculty for logical argument. She feels so bitterly against persons described as "mighty men of old" who collared the right to propose, that she despises the woman's right to decline, coeval and correlative. She even makes light of the agonies suffered from time immemorial by rejected lovers. She actually assumes that men can take a peremptory "No" without injury to their self-esteem; yet her own hero, Dr. Vincent, couldn't. His contempt of Miss Dereham's ardent, though tardy, wooing was largely inspired by a long and bitter memory of the snub she had administered when he was a young man of no importance. Miss Robins's general contention, that the life of woman must be a finer affair than it is, were she allowed freedom to pounce on a mate, is enfeebled by her particular illustration. Her heroine's union with Dr. Vincent, both before and after it was legalized, is conspicuously unhappy, and she has never the advantage of being able to remind him how he had begged and implored her, with tears in his eyes, to take him. Perhaps the woman's time-tried ways of proposing indirectly have their anxieties, but so far as we can see from Miss Robins's demonstration, the direct proposal is fraught with horror, and no woman should go in for it lightly.

Herr Mayer, the chief character of 'Sawdust,' is a familiar figure in American life and fiction, but one does not expect to meet him, symbolizing progress in the Polish village of Zanck, which lies in the foothills of the Carpathians. Herr Mayer began life as an officeboy, speedily became a partner in an established business, then seized the business, and pursued the game of grab in many directions. At the moment of his introduction, he is a middle-aged millionaire, concentrating his energies on the conversion of a Galician forest into marketable lumber. Herr Mayer, savagely denuding the Carpathians, is essentially the same man as John Smith slaying and burning in the Adirondacks; but, owing to the different social conditions and customs of their respective scenes of operation, the story of the European self-made man is richer and deeper in human interest than anything possible in America. Herr Mayer has ignorant, picturesquely attired peasants to grind below the living wage, and clever, poverty-stricken Jews to oppress just for the sake of showing his power. He has the joy of ruining a noble, Count Rutkowsky, hereditary Lord of Zanck and surrounding forests, and the agony of seeing his only son fall in love with the Count's daughter. He can lavishly entertain princes, whom he, of course, theoretically disclaims, and he can even give his mill hands a holiday to look at an Emperor who represents everything that he hates and despises.

The author does not love Herr Mayer, but she treats him fairly, giving him the benefit of his only virtues—energy, industry, and a scrupulous honesty in matters of small importance. The story is told naturally and carefully, and the forest is saved from utter destruction by a royal highness with a passion for stag-hunting. This method of bringing about a happy conclusion is simpler and apparently surer than is belated American legislation for forest protection.

Mrs. Fraser has never expressed her sympathetic understanding of the Japanese better than in the story of Himé, the shell-gatherer of Enoshima. Himé's mother before her had been a shell girl, who, when her English husband abandoned her, gave her baby to Sakura, old and lonely and poor, then swam out in the shining sea and returned no more. Himé grew up with Sakura, to be beautiful and good and happy, unmistakably destined for all the sorrow and all the joy that may come to a woman on a lonely, lovely island, as in other more prosaic places. Her romance is a repetition of her mother's, excepting that her lover, though of her father's race and blood, is not perfidious or faithless, but a true Briton, who has to fight for victory and would never think of relinquishing the spoils. The coincidence of close relationship between Himé's father and lover is decidedly improbable, and one can easily imagine other and more harmonious devices by which Mrs. Fraser might have reached her desired conclusion. Otherwise the tale is uncommonly well imagined, with a central conception of beauty supported by all the detail of characterization, incident and description. The sketch of Nakayama, whom Barrington engaged as travelling companion and teacher of Japanese, is very clever, showing keen appreciation of the extent and limitation of American education on a Japanese youth of Samurai rank. We would accept Mrs. Fraser's observation as perfect if Nakayama did not insist on speaking what she calls "American journalese" in a fashion more English than American.

'Miss Bellard's Inspiration' is a light comedy with enough social satire to remind us that Mr. Howells is not just fooling for our summer holiday. The heroine is a young professor in the "oratory department" of a Western college, who drops on her relations, the Crombies, trying to endure (they conscientiously say "enjoy") a quiet summer in the mountains. She is attended by a young Englishman, and when her aunt asks sternly. "Why, Lillias Bellard, are you engaged to Mr. Craybourne?" she answers. "Well, no. But we're *seeing*."

The Crombies' seclusion is still further invaded by Mr. and Mrs. Mevison, who are "seeing" about divorce. The unhappy relations of the pair suggest to Lillias many fantastic arguments against matrimony, and these prolong the *seeing* period. Mr. Howells renders the Mevison situation lightly, but that does not conceal the ugly facts which jar the idyllic atmosphere of the piece. Crombie is as good a name as another for that American man and his wife whom Mr. Howells delights to represent and whom his readers delight to meet. The man has got past surprise at the woman's baffling inconsistencies, and the woman no longer feels any sting in her husband's affectionate derision. They have really no longer views of each other. They have survived the necessity for understanding by the strength of what their reticence would forbid them to call a great love. It may be a horror of sentimentality that makes Mr. Howells so shy of sentiment. Yet the power of expressing sentiment is

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a valuable grace of life, and, without it, fiction, even brilliant fiction, has a certain aridity.

The title of Mr. Connolly's novel 'On Tybee Knoll' implies nothing as to the contents, or at most indicates some Arcadian setting. But, as it happens, his characters spend most of their time on the water or in it, for frequent immersion seems to be part of their daily routine. The scene is laid off the coast of Georgia, at the mouth of the Savannah River, and all the interest centres in lumber and dredging operations. The hero, as is usual in a novel of commercial adventure, is young and intrepid, the heroine is not this time a grain-elevator or an apartment house or a mine, but a raft of dredging-poles, for which more lives are risked than for any flesh-and-blood heroine since Helen of Troy. Perhaps that is one of the explanations of the rise of this type of fiction, that nowadays the adventures of lovers must needs be tame or tediously psychological, since all the energy, all the fire, has been diverted to commercial enterprise. This is a tale full of heroic effort. Within some twelve hours the hero, always in quest of the stolen raft, is cast up on the shore from a swamped boat and sunk in a disabled tug; saves a sloop that he finds adrift in a storm, and a steam-yacht that has lost her engineer; rescues from the water some half-dozen drowning men separately, and, not least, recovers the raft. All this is told in an artless, slangy style, absolutely devoid of literary finish, crowded with the technical jargon of the lumber trade—another instance of the new type of fiction written, one supposes, to electrify the tedious leisure of the American business man.

DICEY'S LAW AND PUBLIC OPINION.

Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century. By A. V. Dicey. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In 1898 Mr. Dicey delivered before the students of the Harvard Law School a short course of lectures on the history of English law during the last century; of the present volume these lectures form the nucleus. The form of lectures has been preserved, and the book is an attempt to sketch "the connection or relation between a century of English legislation and successive currents of opinion." Its aim is to draw from well-known facts of social, political and legal history certain conclusions which, "though many of them obvious enough, are often overlooked, and are not without importance."

Perhaps one of the most striking of these conclusions is one which seems to Mr. Dicey to lie on the surface—that there has been in England for three generations an immediate relation between the development of public opinion and legislation (to say nothing of the course of judicial decision) without parallel in other modern communities. "Nowhere have changes in popular convictions or wishes found anything like such rapid and immediate expression in alterations of the law as they have in Great Britain during the nineteenth century, and more especially during the last half thereof." Compare, for instance, France, the land of revolution. In 1804 the Code Napoléon was published, and its fundamental provisions have stood to a great extent unaltered from that day to this; in 1804 George III. was on the English throne, and English opinion was dead against all changes, yet between 1804 and the present day there is hardly a part of the English statute-book which has not been materially changed.

It may be said in reply to this that the parallel is not quite synchronous, for the Code Napoléon was already a hundred years ago an enlightened and modern body of law, representative in 1804 of an enlightened and modern opinion, behind which the Georgian public opinion and statute-book lagged very far. The convulsion of the French Revolution effected a modernization of French law and institutions which made that of England in 1804 antique in comparison. In the same way the spirit of legislation in this country at the beginning of the nineteenth century was vastly more modern than that of England. It was not until about the time that the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 brought new classes into control of the government that English law began its monumental march. Once begun, the rate of progress was all the more accelerated by the circumstance that the advance found an extraordinarily effective organ in a popular representative body wielding a power unknown elsewhere. From 1832 on (waiving the question whether this constitutional phase has shown signs of coming *to an end or not*) a measure which could command a majority of the House of Commons sufficient to indicate that the country was behind it, was sure to become a law. This state of things existed neither in France nor in the United States; consequently, in the last fifty years we have become accustomed to look to England for a rapidity and comprehensiveness in legislation representative of public opinion, unseen elsewhere. These considerations possibly throw light on a political phenomenon superficially puzzling.

Another conclusion connected with this is that stated in Mr. Dicey's third lecture, to the effect that the progress of democracy (he fully admits that the spirit of modern English law-making is democratic) does not afford "the clue to the development of English law since 1800." The notion that it does afford the clue is connected, in the author's mind, with a fallacy which he thinks infects all speculations about the effects of the advance of democracy—"the assumption that there exists such a thing as specially democratic legislation which every democracy is certain to favor." There never was an assumption, he says, "more clearly at variance with the teaching of history." Unless we are mistaken, Mr. Dicey here comes very near falling into the error which always dogs the heels even of masters of political analysis, namely, that of fancying that there must be somewhere some one clue to the institutional development of a particular community, some one cause which will adequately explain all the phenomena. Of course, he is perfectly aware that there is no such clue in the field of legislation, there is no such single cause anywhere. Consequently, it is indubitable that there is no specially democratic code which *every democracy is certain to favor*. If there were, we could predict a code or a chapter of the Revised Statutes as we can an eclipse. But it by no means follows that there do not exist *tendencies* in the legislation of a democratic period which are pretty certain to exhibit themselves in every country, and which Mr. Dicey's book shows are exhibiting themselves effectively in England. His eighth lecture is devoted to the "period of Collectivism"—that in which we now live; but what is Collectivism except the use of the machinery of the State for what are conceived as essentially democratic objects? And what phenomenon is so universal in modern legislation wherever in the world democracy has made any headway, as this use of the power of the State? The following is Mr. Morley's picture of "Collectivism" as applied in England as long ago as 1881—and, as Mr. Dicey points out, enormous strides have been made since:

"We have to-day a complete, minute, and voluminous code for the protection of labor; buildings must be kept pure of effluvia; dangerous machinery must be fenced; children and young persons must not clean it while in motion; their hours are not only limited but fixed; continuous employment must not exceed a given number of hours, varying with the trade, but prescribed by the law in given cases; a statutable number of holidays is imposed; the children must go to school, and the employer must every week have a certificate to that effect; if an accident happens, notice must be sent to the proper authorities; special provisions are made for bake houses, for lace making, for collieries, and for a whole schedule of other special callings; for the due enforcement and vigilant supervision of this immense host of minute prescriptions there is an immense host of inspectors, certifying surgeons, and other authorities, whose business it is 'to speed and post o'er land and ocean' in restless guardianship of every kind of labor. . . . But all this is one of the largest branches of what the most important Socialists have been accustomed to demand; and if we add to this vast fabric of labor legislation our system of Poor Law, we find the rather amazing result that in the country where Socialism has been less talked about than in any other country in Europe, its principles have been most extensively applied."

Add to this the tremendous advances in the field of legislation which Socialism, or Collectivism, has made in Germany, in France, in Italy, and the United States, and the inference seems fair enough which many conservatives commonly draw, that in a modern industrial community a democratic suffrage is a direct cause of the use of the power of the State for collective ends. In other words, there is a direct connection between Collectivism and democracy. Just as the machinery of the State will be used by a church for its own aggrandizement, or by a landed aristocracy in the landed interest, or by a slaveholding aristocracy in the slaveholding interest, so will a vast proletariat electorate show in the long run an ever-increasing tendency to use the power of numbers in what seems to be the interest of themselves. Of course, the phenomenon will take different forms in different countries: in France it will result in the forced creation of a great body of peasant freeholders, in Germany it will produce state insurance; in the United States it will convert a political party with very different original political aims to "Populism"; in England it will, among other things, produce "municipal trading"—in fact, every imaginable experiment will be tried, all democratic, all collectivist.

In England, to our minds, the process has been greatly accelerated by the fact to which we have already referred, that the Government has been in these respects for

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a long time "uni-cameral"—the decision of a single House, directed by a practically democratic electorate, has been final. This fact, the control of legislation in its own interest by the new electorate, explains, too, a phenomenon, otherwise surprising, to which Mr. Dicey and many others have called attention—that in other directions the whole structure of English society remains so *un*-democratic. The English Church remains the State Church; the House of Lords remains what it has always been; the Crown enjoys the respect and affection of the people. The reason, in our analysis, is that they have not interfered, they have not resisted the tide. Finding that it could have what it wanted through a legislative organ specially adapted to making democratic demands effective, the new electorate has made England the home of "Collectivism" under the veil of institutions historically opposed to any such change.

But Mr. Dicey's book, properly speaking, does not deal with political causes. It is rather an interesting picture of the vast legislative changes effected by public opinion during the great Victorian period by means of the machinery of the Constitution worked by an ever-widening electorate. Such periods in the history of the world, or of any country, are, as Mr. Dicey points out, very rare. In his hands the whole century divides itself into three parts: first, the era of old Toryism or legislative quiescence, distinguished, among other things, by the publication of Blackstone's Commentaries, in which we may see, through their own eyes, British law and institutions as they appeared to pretty much all conservative men a hundred years ago (1800-1830); second (1825-1870), the period of Benthamism and Individualism, during which it is hardly too much to say that the opinions of Bentham and the theories of Individualism and *laissez-faire* governed England; third, the period of Collectivism (1865-1900), during which Benthamism, Individualism, and *laissez-faire* have fallen into disrepute, and humanitarian and socialist legislation have made such an enormous advance. Mr. Dicey's review of the interaction upon one another of legislation and opinion is valuable and original, and makes the volume a striking contribution to legal and institutional history. The author's powers of statement and elucidation are so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. His chapter on judicial legislation—a most difficult subject—is a model. But the book must be taken for what it is—an analysis of an important phase of a memorable chapter in the development of a society. Political theory as a basis for forecast is carefully eschewed. The author evidently thinks that Collectivism has not spent its force, but his method of inquiry almost precludes him from throwing any light on the future. Bacon says somewhere that those who desire to predict what is going to happen, must ascertain what is in the minds of the generation which is coming on. But as the electorate grows larger, the task of making this sort of a guess becomes more and more difficult. Demagogues guess Imperialism and Protection; young enthusiasts guess new experiments in what may be called Humanitarian Collectivism; Jingoes dream of gigantic wars and new Colonial empires; Socialists struggle for the absorption by the State of public utilities; meanwhile Benthamism, the sanctity of contract, Utilitarianism, and with us the old Democratic theory of government, seem as dead as old-fashioned Toryism. In this maze is there no clue of any kind? Certainly not in Mr. Dicey's pages; this kind of guessing is not in his line at all. He shows us Toryism devoured by Benthamism, and Benthamism in its turn devoured by Collectivism; beyond, all is dark.

The Flying Lesson: Ten Sonnets, Two Canzoni, a Ballata, a Double Sestina, from Petrarch. By Agnes Tobin, With frontispiece designed by Walter H. Pritchard. London: William Heinemann; San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. 1905.

The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. Now for the first time translated into rhymed English. By John Addington Symonds. Second edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

It is a pity not to speak well of verse so daintily put forth as Miss Tobin's, and by an American of our Pacific Coast, and in a field of literature whose cultivation is much to be commended, and following a previous essay ('Love's Crucifix'—nine sonnets and a canzone from Petrarch) highly praised abroad. The failure of criticism, however, leading to a false encouragement—to publish, not to invent—imposes a duty to hold up the standard. We begin by pointing to the sign of inaptitude that glares in the fanciful titles given to sonnets undenominated in the original. What less Petrarchan, at the very forefront, than "The Flying Lesson"? The conventional *argomento* for this sonnet reads: "Reflecting that Laura is in heaven, the poet repents his excessive grief and calms himself." "Tired Eyes" is another whimsical appellation, in lieu of the sober: "Despairing of seeing Laura again on earth, he nevertheless consoles himself by imagining that she aids him from heaven." Worst of all, certainly—indeed, unpardonable—is "The New Dress," on which we must dwell a little, after giving the version in full:

The glorious angels, and those blessed ones
The citizens of Heaven, the first day
My Lady enters there do block her way;
Marvelling greatly each to see her runs:
"What light is this? And what new beauty suns
Its strangeness here?" they to each other say.
["]Because a thing so gemmed, in such array,
Has never come before.["] From sext till nones—
Preening herself, content with her new home,
She shines the whitest-burning seraph down;
But now and then the undazzled eyes will roam,
The bird-bright head will turn, the jewelled gown
Rustle and shimmer like to moonlit foam;
She waits for me; and oh! I come—My Crown!

The octave is fairly faithful, but the intrusive word "gemmed" paves the way for a most extraordinary perversion and modernity in the sestet. There exists a translation which we may set over against Miss Tobin's in lieu of a prose exposure, because it contains not a thought or a figure wanting in the Italian, and equally omits none to be found there:

"What day my Love passed on, around her pressed,
With wonder filled and gentle sympathy,
The elect of angels and the souls that be
The populace of heaven and therefore blest.
"What Light is this?", thus they themselves addressed,
"And what new beauty? Form so gloriously
Attired ne'er in this base century
From vagrom earth gained this high place of rest."
But she, with her changed hostelry content,
And peer of the most perfect, as it were
Expectant turns anon, with glances sent
Backwards to see if I do follow her.
Hence all my thought and will on heaven is bent,
Hearing her pray I be no loiterer.

The reader may now see what has been interpolated and what omitted. Does he ask what is the pretext for "the jewelled gown Rustle and shimmer like to moonlit foam"? Nothing but "abito sì adorno," which has no reference whatever to Parisian modes, but, obviously, has a spiritual significance, though not to the exclusion of Laura's earthly beauty, even as Dante sings of the dead Beatrice—

. . . "'l piacere de la sua beltate,
partendo se da la nostra veduta,
divenne spiritai bellezza grande
che per lo cielo spande
luce d'amor, che gli angeli saluta";

and as Milton dreams of his "late espoused saint," who

"Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight."

We think it needless to examine these translations further. They are all vitiated in the same fashion. Some good lines occur, and we would not deny Miss Tobin the poetic gift; but she should not wrestle with Petrarch except in secret, for by printing she propagates false patterns of an art calling for the utmost fidelity, combined with idiomatic freedom.

The second edition of John Addington Symonds's 'Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti,' the first translation into rhymed English, dated at Davos Platz, December, 1877 (London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), raises another question which we might have discussed in connection with Miss Tobin's versions. It is this: What is the advantage of metrical translations over prose if the result is a prevailing obscurity and an almost total lack of charm and power to interest as English verse? The repute alike of the artist-poet and of the translator should have contributed to an earlier demand for a second edition if the joint product had been what it should have been to be worth undertaking. Mr. Symonds had a difficult task, but it cannot be said that he achieved it in a masterly manner, nor without a license which often makes his English harder to read than the rugged original. The exigencies of the rhyme were too much for him. Evidences of this abound in the sonnet to Dante, which we append as a not unfavorable specimen:

No tongue can tell of him what should be told,
For on blind eyes his splendor shines too strong;
'Twere easier to blame those who wrought him wrong
Than sound his least praise with a mouth of gold.
He to explore the place of pain was bold,
Then soared to God, to teach our souls by song;
The gates heaven oped to bear his feet along,
Against his just desire his country rolled.
Thankless I call her, and to her own pain
The nurse of fell mischance; for sign take this,
That ever to the best she deals more scorn:
Among a thousand proofs let one remain;
Though ne'er was fortune more unjust than his,
His equal or his better ne'er was born.

This in the main correctly gives the development of Michael Angelo's thought, yet with some forced, evasive and even amazing renderings like line 4, for

"C' al suo ben pregio ogni maggior salire,"

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comparable with Carducci's lines to G. Parini—

"Altera aquila al polo
Troppo ogni emulo ardire hai tu precorso."

Add the missing of the stress of the antithesis in line 6, for

"E le porte che 'l ciel *non gli contese*,
La patria chiuse al suo giusto desire";

and sundry other blemishes, which one may discover for himself since everywhere the Italian text (with not a few typographical errors, as in the sonnet just considered) confronts the English. There is a good mezzotint portrait frontispiece.

Shelburne Essays. By Paul Elmer More. Second Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Essays in serious criticism are rare nowadays. Nervous impressions of great authors are plentiful, and so too are those adventures with masterpieces which are written with a light heart in the superficial adventurous style. But there is nothing of the buccaneer or the æsthete about Mr. More. His is the criticism that takes infinite pains, dissects out every nerve; and, if his essays lack something of the agreeable irresponsibility which gives a certain verve to the touch-and-go critic, they leave the reader with a fresher and firmer grasp of the subject. That, we suppose, is the duty of critics of authors who have become classics. The reader's footing becomes worn and slippery with use, or so well trodden that he wearies of it, and when he turns to a new essay on some favorite author it is because he *hopes to find cut for him* a fresh foothold or at least a new flower or two planted in the well-known path. What an advantage for him should those flowers have roots!

Mr. More's first essay is on the "Elizabethan Sonnets," and was inspired by Mr. Sidney Lee's reprint in the 'English Garner' last year. Mr. Lee was very hard on the Elizabethan sonneteers, the writers of the "sugred sonette," all their sugar stolen from "the sweete laureate of Italie" or the poets of the Pleiad who thought they were writing like Anacreon. Mr. More is no more indulgent. All that he says in this essay is interesting and suggestive. But we are inclined to think that, like Mr. Sidney Lee, he is too exacting with the sonneteers when he implies that what they wrote was likely to be essentially inferior for the very reason that so many of their ideas and figures were borrowed from abroad. Mr. More expresses his relief that "Mr. Lee has found no model in foreign tongues" for Drayton's great sonnet, "Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part." It would not disturb us in the least or shake our admiration of Drayton if an Italian or French original were discovered to-morrow. As it stands, it is a masterpiece of English, a triumph of the grand manner in sonnet writing. Why, by the way, does Mr. More call it a *jeu d'esprit*? Is that a term of reproach? When Mr. More reads his Yeats, does he think the less of those exquisite stanzas, "When You Are Old," because Mr. Yeats borrowed the central idea from Ronsard? The first few lines at least are almost a translation.

"When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, ...

Who does not remember the sonnet of Ronsard that inspired this?:

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, devisant et filant;
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant:
'Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'estois belle.'"

Is Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes" any the worse for being taken straight from Philostratus? The plagiarism in poetry when the poets write in different tongues is not to be counted against the creditor. What so many of the Elizabethan sonneteers lacked was the talent of making their own what they borrowed.

Mr. More's essay on Hawthorne is a study of the New England soul at first in the grip of conscience, then, with Hawthorne, exchanging the conscience for the no less tyrannous sway of the imagination, and at last, with Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's characters, governed entirely by the nerves.

"From the religious intolerance of Cotton Mather to the imaginative isolation of Hawthorne, and from that to the nervous impotence of Mrs. Freeman's men and women, is regular progress. The great preacher sought to suppress all worldly emotions; the artist made of the solitude which follows this suppression one of the tragic symbols of human destiny; the living novelist portrays a people in whom some native spring of action has been dried up, and who suffer in a dumb, unreasoning inability to express any outreaching passion of the heart or to surrender to any common impulse of the body."

Mr. More closes his essay with the query whether, after that period of paralysis and general impotence described by Mrs. Freeman, we are destined to behold in its turn the new ideal of "another half-civilization, blindly materialistic as its predecessor was harshly spiritual." We read somewhere the other day that, by an intervention which the writer hinted might be divine, in punishment for faults too many to enumerate here, the New England woman as we meet her in Mrs. Freeman's stories is rapidly becoming extinct, replaced by full-blooded foreign women with no such exalted and uncomfortable ideals. If this be so, Mr. More's question is partly answered.

Mr. More's book tempts one to discuss details which are out of place in a notice that must be so short as this. We should have liked to say a word in defence of the personality of Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," and to take time to contradict Carlyle's bilious criticism which Mr. More cites as evidence that Lamb's wit was more or less "ghastly." We do protest, in passing, that a personal estimate of one of his contemporaries, especially a contemporary author, by Carlyle should never be brought into court. No character was safe from that digestion.

The last essays in the volume are two detailed and useful studies entitled "Delphi and Greek Literature" and "Nemesis, or the Divine Envy." In the former we were suddenly brought up by a sentence which seems to us to involve a false antithesis. Mr. More, speaking of Protagoras and Socrates, says, "certainly it is a prophecy full of foreboding for the fate of Greece that the one was loaded with riches and honor, whereas the other died a felon's death in the gaol of Athens" (p. 205). Now, the fates of Protagoras and Socrates were parallel rather than antithetic. Socrates, who despised wealth, received from Alcibiades and his other rich pupils all the honor he wanted, and in the end was put to death for impiety and undue influence. Protagoras, desiring both riches and honor, achieved both from the same class of young Athenians who debated with Socrates. In the end he, too, was branded as an iconoclast. At the age of seventy he wrote, or first ventured to publish, a skeptical work 'On the Gods.' He was prosecuted and his book was burnt. On this he fled from Athens and was drowned on his voyage to Sicily. Euripides in one of his choruses accused the Athenians of the death of the "All-wise one, the nightingale of the Muses," his friend Protagoras.

The Newfoundland Guide-Book, 1905: Including Labrador and St. Pierre. Edited by D. W. Prowse, and published by Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd. London. 1905.

No better proof can be adduced that Newfoundland is emerging from the fogs of ignorance and inaccessibility which have heretofore enveloped it, than this very interesting, well printed, and excellently illustrated guide-book. It is edited by that eccentric historian of the island, Mr. Prowse, who is not inaptly said to have rediscovered it. He introduces the readers to his collaborators in a vivid sketch of its romantic history, endued with that touch of strong prejudice, expressed in emphatic language, which gives a zest to whatever he writes. His fellow-authors are men of such rank that the book possesses more than the ephemeral value of an annual guide. J. G. Millais, H. Hesketh Prichard, F. C. Selous all tell of their experience in hunting caribou and other deer on the barrens of the island—and the sport must be rare which could elicit from the greatest of African hunters the assertion; "I know of but one really wild country where big game is still plentiful, which can be quickly and easily reached, and where a shooting trip can be undertaken at a comparatively small cost, and that is the island of Newfoundland." The chapters on fishing were supplied by Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy and Sir Bryan Leighton. The Admiral's recollections date back twenty-five years. "At that period," he says, "the salmon-fishing was poor, owing to netting and barring, and but few salmon were caught with rod and line; but the sea-trout fishing was excellent." Since then the netting of salmon at the river mouths has been brought under partial control, and the size of the meshes so regulated that fish of thirty pounds can escape up stream, with consequent improvement of the salmon fishing, so that Sir Bryan Leighton can record a catch of thirty-one fish made in the Codray by himself and wife in the summer of 1904. Those who do not aspire to salmon-fishing can catch in every stream and lake an abundance of trout, but the brook-trout are pale of flesh and of a languid spirit. Fishing, on the other hand, for the exquisitely silvered and lively sea-trout, if they are caught early in the season from a boat, as they dash at your fly in troubled waters off the shore, affords more excitement than monotonously casting for hours to induce a sulky, obstinate salmon to rise.

A description of Labrador is added by that devoted lay missionary, Wilfred Grenfell, M.D., who is giving his life and his eminent medical skill to improving the condition of the North Sea fishermen. Statis-

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tics, industrial and mineral, are included in abundance, but the prominence assigned to sport bespeaks the real attraction of the island and its greatest present source of wealth.

Early Eastern Christianity: St. Margaret's Lectures, 1904, on the Syriac-Speaking Church. By F. C. Burkitt, Lecturer in Palæography in the University of Cambridge. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. Pp. xii., 228; with five photographs of Edessa.

In the Oriental renaissance through which we are passing, and in which we are learning to know the East again in all its life as Europe has not known it since the Templars struck hands of brotherhood with the Assassins, and Chaucer's Knight fought thrice for his faith in Muslim lists—in this renaissance a half-forgotten and more wholly neglected side of the Christian Church is coming again to light. It is not so very long since the student of that Church in its early period conceived that it was in the Greek and Latin Fathers only that the material of his labors lay. Some few adventurers there had been in the twilight East—in part Syrians and Copts, disciples of the Roman Propaganda, in part eccentrically learned scholars of uneasy curiosity; but all were absolutely without effect on the solid ranks of the classicists. Not even the wealth of Syriac MSS. which reached the British Museum in the middle of last century, and which has occupied two generations of Syriacists since, effectually broke down this learned obscurantism. Perhaps Cureton's too great faith in his Syriac authorities may have raised the distrust of the learned of Europe, and thrown them off what was, after all, a true trail. Similarly, Widmanstadt's wild claims, in the preface to his *editio princeps* of the Peshitta in 1555, that the language of that version was the vernacular of Jesus, prejudiced him and his cause with his contemporaries. But the ring-fence round the Greek and Latin world could not, in the long run, be kept standing. The slow sapping, by steady publication of Oriental texts and translations, prepared for the final storm which the last ten years have seen. Now the time has come when "the Oriental churches" can no longer be spoken of with a vague patronage, but the fundamental fact is finally admitted that the Syrian Church must stand as an equal third beside the Churches of the Greek and Latin worlds. The student of early Church history is no longer fully equipped with his two sacred tongues, but must face Syriac as well, with other unknown and still more barbarous possibilities in the background. Just as the exegesis and criticism, textual and otherwise, of the Gospels has been pushed back to bear upon their Aramaic originals—to be hypothetically reconstructed—so with the later Church. In a word, it has been suddenly rediscovered that Christianity is an Oriental faith, and that part at least of its first centuries of development was spent among Oriental peoples.

But though this fact stands now fast, all that is involved in it has been known only to a small circle of students. There has been a key, after a fashion, to Syriac literature since Wright's pioneering article in the 'Britannica' appeared (later repeated in enlarged book-form), and since Duval's more recent 'Littérature Syriaque.' But these were much more bibliographical than historical; dealt rather with books than ideas. Practically, until this volume of Mr. Burkitt's appeared, there has been no guide to which the plain man might turn in search of the meaning of Syrian Christianity for itself and for the Christian faith in general. And it is a pleasure to be able to say how eminently satisfactory this book is. It is for the plain man, and, in its space, it can take only elements here and there in the Syrian Church, its history, doctrine, usage, and discipline; but all is handled with the mastery to which Mr. Burkitt's work has accustomed us. Behind its avoidance of learned detail and its picturesque yet simple outlines, the scholar is evident who, in Rabbula's revision, solved the problem of the Peshitta and who proved the Syriac origin of the 'Acts of Thomas.'

The first chapter deals with the Edessene legend—King Abgar, Addai and the letter of Jesus—and with the real succession of the bishops of Edessa, so far as it can be recounted. The second takes up ground which Mr. Burkitt has already made abundantly his own, the Syriac versions of the New and Old Testaments. He thus states in a word his conception of the textual character of the Diatessaron, the "Old Syriac" and the Peshitta: "The text of the Gospels underlying the Syriac Diatessaron, where it can be recovered in its original form, represents the Greek text as read in Rome about 170 A. D." The text of the Gospels in the Old Syriac version represents, where it differs from the Diatessaron, the Greek text as read in Antioch about 200 A. D. Finally, the text of the Peshitta Gospels, where it differs from the Old Syriac and from the Diatessaron, represents the Greek text as read in Antioch about 400 A. D." To this the evidence does seem to point. The third chapter, on early Syriac theology, is a very suggestive study of the three Syrian doctors—Aphraates, so far in some ways from ordinary Christian statements of belief as to have been called "the Persian Sage," as though a stray philosopher of theologic tastes in the extra-Greek world; St. Ephraim, in his sentimentality and intellectual weakness the opposite of Aphraates in his independence and grasp; and Rabbula, the ascetic and disciplinarian who grecized the Syrian Church and wrought it to a unity which broke in final schism fifty years after his death. It is part of the life and reality which Mr. Burkitt brings, that we cannot forget throughout this chapter—though there is no direct allusion—that these lectures were delivered in St. Margaret's, Westminster, and at the invitation of Canon Henson.

The fourth chapter tells the singular story of the slow acceptance of marriage, among Syrian Christians, as a thing to be blessed by the Church and compatible with receiving the sacraments—so slow that it was not completed until the fifth century. That change has little reality for us now, but much historical suggestiveness; the parallel with Buddhist conceptions can hardly be over-pressed. But the next chapter, which tells the story of Bardaisan and his disciples, of his dialogue on fate, and of his final expulsion from the Syrian Church, and, with him, of philosophic thought, brings us back to our own times. Mr. Burkitt names only the Abbé Loisy, but it is evident that his thought falls much nearer home as well. Lastly comes a description and estimate of a religious novel, the 'Acts of Judas Thomas,' and of a mystical little epic, the 'Hymn of the Soul.' Both are unique in their way, and by far the most interesting relics of the Syriac, perhaps of the Old Christian, literature. They show, and this Mr. Burkitt works out luminously, what was the true point of difference between Gnosticism, a religious nihilism, and Catholicism, which saw the Church as the "Body of Christ" abiding in the world, and thus found a fixed point round which a new civilization could crystallize when the old had passed away. It is, then, especially in this fertility of ideas and suggestion that the value of Mr. Burkitt's book lies, and for which it can be most heartily commended to all who realize how searching is the discrimination of essential and non-essential through which Christianity is now passing.

Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama from Lyly to Shirley, A. D. 1580—A. D. 1642. With Introduction and Notes. By W. H. Williams. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1905.

After all, why should not an editor have the courage of his convictions and "glean after Lamb"? This is an age of anthologies. There is no field richer than that of the Elizabethan drama. It is the orthodox belief that this drama is more effective in parts than in wholes; Lamb has but slightly harvested it, and there are thousands of busy people whose only knowledge of it must be cursory and superficial, and who may be more easily interested and satisfied with specimen extracts than with whole plays.

All of these considerations are reasonable enough, and doubtless justify the Clarendon Press in sending forth this book for educational purposes. We have no quarrel with it. Within the limitations of its plan it seems to be well done. All the important dramatists of the period are included, and the selections from each are fairly "typical and representative." It is no fault of the compiler's that, after his more than four hundred pages of specimens, probably two or three times that number, equally worth giving, still remain unquoted in our specimen books. We have noted a score or more in Beaumont and Fletcher alone which, in our judgment, are nearly all equally good literature. (We give this instance with conviction and proud humility, although having the fear of Professor Wendell before our eyes.) The scenes are "complete in themselves," although not always literally complete scenes are given, and what Lamb has once given is not here repeated. For this last feature there seems to be no convincing reason. Lamb's plan is very different, and people nowadays read his book rather for Lamb's own inimitable comments than for the broken extracts for which they serve as foil and excuse. Lamb might very well have been disregarded in planning these selections, once the primary audacity of daring to poach upon Lamb's preserves was decided upon.

The editor, sensibly, does not anywhere attempt to emulate Lamb. His comment is conservative rather than penetrating, and everywhere keeps constant reference to the authoritative norm of recent critical opinion. It is safe but, with rare exceptions, unoriginal. His scale-poising is painful and

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laborious. And he is more than ordinarily fond of quoting good old Latin scraps after the good old English fashion. But in all substantial matters—connecting introductions, notes, and text—(so far as we have tested it) his work as an editor seems to be well executed. Dr. A. W. Ward is his guide; and Dr. Ward has done great services to the history of the English drama, and is generally a safe and sound critic. Middleton, we feel, the editor (following Swinburne's lead—a stimulating but an unsafe guide) has unduly exalted. Shirley receives fairer treatment than he has been accustomed to of late. Webster is but faintly praised—contrast the admirable critique of Webster's qualities prefixed to Professor Sampson's recent edition of Webster's two great tragedies in the Belles-Lettres series. We, however, are glad to see an attempt to rehabilitate the good literary fame of Chapman, even though it be at the cost of some rather fallacious paradox as to the lucidity and grace of his diction, and the fluency and sonorous quality of his versification.

After all is said, however, is it really true that the best way to get a speaking acquaintance with the Elizabethan drama is through a book of specimen extracts, even though the extracts be all scenes "complete in themselves"? There is no harm in this book or in any anthology competently made. Men may read the salient poetry of detached passages, such as Lamb gave or as Professor Williams now gives, with pleasure and profit. But is it true that that is the only thing or even the chief thing in the Elizabethan drama outside of Shakspere? Do we get the mighty vigor, the pervasive atmosphere, the interplay of character, the force of contrast and climax, and the whole dramatic and theatric effect of even an unequal and unorganized minor Elizabethan play in that way? Decidedly not, we feel. Therefore, there is more sound use in reproductions giving whole plays, like the volumes of the Mermaid Series, the Temple Dramatists and the Belles-Lettres Series, than in books of extracts like these. It is better to know three or four plays as wholes than a hundred "specimens" from a hundred plays, given as parts.

The Myths of Plato. Translated, with introductory and other observations, by J. A. Stewart, M.A., White's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford, etc. Macmillan. 1905. Pp. xii., 532.

The Platonic Conception of Immortality, and its Connexion with the Theory of Ideas. By R. K. Gaye, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1904. Pp. ix., 257.

Nothing at first sight seems better to explain itself than the practice of story-telling. The love of well-told tales is deeply rooted in the human breast, and ever lurks in the corners of all but the dullest minds as one of the happiest survivals of the golden age of childhood. What wonder, therefore, that the makers of high thoughts should freely avail themselves of this human passion, and often seek to convey their message in a form so pleasing and effective? And if they are great artists, the stories which they tell will, of course, be good. And the more they treat of topics abstract and abstruse, the more needful will it be to provide us the relief of pleasant tales which disguise the grim earnest of their teaching, insinuate it into our minds, and fix it there more vividly. The fact, therefore, that Plato was a great poet as well as a great philosopher seems ample reason why he loved the story as a literary vehicle, and why the "myth" is so great a feature in his writings. But, of course, the practice has its dangers. The artist's purpose may obtrude too nakedly, and disgust us as a frigid and transparent allegory. This danger Plato usually avoids so well that we are tempted rather to complain that even his allegories wax refractory and run away with him, growing up into stories before they have taught their lesson. Again, although it is part of the legitimate use of a myth to convey pictorially and by suggestion a doctrine not yet ripe for rigid and scientific statement, it may easily be abused as the readiest way of extricating an argument from embarrassments in which its own unsoundness has involved it. Nor can Plato always be acquitted of telling a tale where in strict logic he should have completed an argument. In fact, the student of his philosophy soon discerns that at certain points, such as when a transition has to be effected from the immutable purity of the Ideas that truly *are*, to the distorting flux of a plurality that only *seems*, or when the glories and terrors of a future life have to be pictured, a myth may be expected; and if he is wise, he will welcome the diversion, for nowhere does Plato's art rise higher or radiate a more inspiring glow than in these myths. They are the purple patches of his system, but often patches which conceal gaps in its logical texture.

All this, of course, has long been known, but it forms too simple a theory of the matter to satisfy the pedantry of academic circles. And so Professor Stewart, though himself no pedant, but rather a true scholar with a poetic taste and touch, has thought it worth his while to formulate the facts more palatably to the scholastic mind. He has conceived the brilliant idea of translating the myths of the most imaginative into the technicalities of the least imaginative of philosophers, to array Plato in the trappings of Immanuel Kant! And so they are explained as appeals to transcendental feeling, which aim imaginatively at (1) representing the Ideas of Pure Reason, and (2) at deducing the Categories of the Understandings and Moral Virtues (p. 45). By "Transcendental Feeling," be it said, Professor Stewart means an unreasoning conviction that life is good, which is the a-priori condition of our continuing the struggle and sets the aims of our reflective (the so-called "higher") faculties. This feeling is the source of our *faith* in the *value* of science and conduct, and expresses itself in the value-feelings and judgments which control our theoretic judgments. It has its roots deep down in "the vegetative part of the soul," in the dumb, undifferentiated, preconscious functioning, which can still dream itself at one with universal nature and has as yet no consciousness of time, because no apprehension of succession. To this dream-consciousness we still are able to revert, and by the dreams it nourishes it has power to impress and to impose on the wide-awakeness of the logical understanding. Thus dreams, ideals, and poetry are fundamentally akin, and lie deepest in our nature. For it is the essential function of poetry to rouse this Transcendental Feeling by inducing lapses into the state of dream-consciousness, and to this end metrical form is merely auxiliary (p. 388).

It is thus evident that the Oxford professor is disposed to seek the unity and worth of psychic life in the region of the subliminal, and has allied himself with the pragmatist protest against the self-sufficiency of intellect. It is evident, also, that he conceives the surplus of content whereby the soul buoys up its life and transcends mere intellection, as feeling in its dumbest and most irrational form, and that this may be disputed. But it is highly significant of the anti-intellectualist trend of modern thought, and was a bold idea, to put this interpretation upon so revered a champion of rationalism as Plato has hitherto been thought to be.

Doubts, too, beset the application to Platonic thought of the Kantian antithesis of the categories of understanding and the ideas of pure reason. What this ultimately means is that our loftiest ideals, and the practical beliefs which sustain our life, must ever remain matters of faith which can never be converted into science. This, indubitably, was the compromise with science which Kant offered to religion. But whether, as Professor Stewart seems to think, either side could rest content with this, and still more whether it can really be ascribed to Plato, may well be questioned. No proof is given that Plato ever despaired of knowing, and Professor Stewart himself disclaims any explicit consciousness in him of this peculiarly Kantian attitude (p. 45).

We have said enough, perhaps, to make clear the philosophic standpoint of the comments which accompany Professor Stewart's scholarly and excellent translations of the Platonic myths. It remains to add that he illustrates most copiously and appositely from the poets, that his work is full of curious and discursive learning, and concludes with an interesting study of the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century. As to the validity of Professor Stewart's view of Plato the mythologist, criticism will probably have to reserve judgment until he has supplied us also with an estimate of Plato the logician and metaphysician. Until then his account is incomplete, and cannot refute Zeller's older and simpler theory that most of Plato's myths are intimately related to gaps in his knowledge and difficulties in his metaphysical system. These Professor Stewart does not touch on, beyond making the startling suggestion that the whole doctrine of Ideas is mythical (p. 347). But if so, what (if anything) is the metaphysical substance of Platonism?

This same question is raised also by Mr. Gaye's monograph on the Platonic conception of immortality. Mr. Gaye is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and his book is the product of a prize essay. Despite a certain gaudiness of external appearance, it is a thoroughly academic study. It is lucidly written and scholarly, but not remarkable for novelty and originality, and is singularly lacking in appreciation of what Professor Stewart rightly emphasizes, viz., the poetic side of Plato. It seems also oddly provincial that, throughout his book, Mr.

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Gaye should apparently assume that only Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, and practically no one but Dr. Henry Jackson and Dr. Archer Hind, have ever reflected on Platonic philosophy before him. Hence we note much discipularity and hear much about "Plato's later theory of Ideas," but get no explicit exposition of it. We cannot, therefore, conjecture how Mr. Gaye would grapple with the two great puzzles of Platonic exegesis—Plato's self-criticism in the "Parmenides" and Aristotle's account of Platonism. Instead of these vital explanations, we get only references to Dr. Archer Hind's commentary on the "Timæus." But as the "Timæus" is wholly "mythical" in form, and as the whole doctrine of personal immortality is mainly emphasized in the myths, and as, ever since Teichmüller's day, it has seemed very doubtful whether it was really compatible with the logic of the system, it is evident that Mr. Gaye's argument sorely needs a systematic estimate of the functions of the Platonic myths. It looks arbitrary and uncritical to tak them as scientific, or as pictorial, as suits one's convenience.

A Criticism of Systems of Hebrew Metre. By William H. Cobb. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1905. 12mo, pp. vii., 216, with bibliography and indexes.

For many centuries, Hebrew poetry was thought to rest only on parallelism, or the double expression of the same thought, and on the use of rare words and archaic forms. It seldom shows alliteration or rhyme; metre was hardly suspected, though it was known that the psalms were sung by choirs and were accompanied by stringed and wind instruments. Even as late a critic as Kuenen said: "Metrisch ist die hebräische Poesie nicht." But already in the seventeenth century attempts had been made to find rhythm and measure in the Old Testament poetry. Bishops Hare and Lowth discussed the matter (the latter rather sharply) in the eighteenth century; in the nineteenth the discussion became extensive and more general. Mr. Cobb in the little volume above noted gives not only his own views in chapter i. (Inductive), but also those of many earlier authors, beginning with J. J. Billerman (Berlin, 1813), and following him up with Joseph L. Saalschütz (Koenigsberg, 1825), who very properly in his essay coupled Hebrew poetry with Hebrew music. He then takes up the labors of the great Heinrich Ewald (about 1839), of Ernst Meyer (1850), of the modern Bible critics Dr. Ley and Karl Budde, of Dr. Gustav Bickell, of David H. Müller of Vienna, and winds up with some very recent writers, among them Eduard Sievers, a professor of German at Leipzig and an amateur in the Semitic field, who in 1901 published a book of six hundred pages on Hebrew metre, the most voluminous of all books on the subject. In two hundred pages he sets forth his theory, and devotes four hundred pages to illustrations.

The first step in the inquiry is naturally this: Is there really any metre? Only when the learned world has been fully convinced on this point, can the next question be taken up: Are syllables counted to make the line or *stichos*, or only beats or accents; and if we count syllables, must we, as in Greek and Latin, distinguish between short syllables (of one *mora* each) and long syllables (each of two or more *morœ*); must we count them straight along, as in French and Italian, or must we count only the beats and stresses, which would range Hebrew with the German measure of the 'Nibelungenlied' and with the old Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic poems? The line or *stichos* being established, the inquiry will next turn to the stanza, and lastly to strophe and antistrophe.

The right counting of the syllable is thus the starting-point. The classic literary Hebrew was that of the south, of Jerusalem and Judæa, attested by the transliteration of names in the Septuagint, in the Gospels and in Josephus, and known in our times as the Portuguese pronunciation, as contrasted with the German-Polish style of reading, which has come down from the dialect of Galilee. The former is closely akin to Arabic, the latter to Syriac. The former pronunciation and the analogy of Arabic, contrary to the opinion of Saalschütz and of Bickell, show that the Sheva *mobile* is to be counted. These scholars, if they were acquainted with either Arabic or with French verse, must have known that poetry does not drop but rather retains light syllables, or restores them where they are lost in prose and in common conversation. However, where the Masoretes put a composite Sheva under a guttural, while any other letter would in like position take the mute Sheva, it should not count; hence Ya'qob, not Ya'aqob, in three syllables. The furtive Patah seems in most cases not to count; but "he" and "she," as in Arabic, are *huwa* and *hiya*. The so-called "Syriasmus," *i. e.*, the coalescence of two light vowels across an Alef or Yod into one, takes place sometimes, but not always, for Hebrew prosody is somewhat flexible like that of Homer, who occasionally splits a long vowel into two, and sometimes counts two vowels for one, either long or short, and who gives to his two heroes (Achilleus and Odysseus) sometimes a double and at other times a single *l* or *s*, just as he stands in need of a short or of a long syllable. The dual ending *ayim* should be read in one syllable, as in Arabic *ethnên*.

With this key applied to a rhythmic passage, say the first three verses of the 58th chapter of Isaiah, the couplets will be found to run thus:

8, 8; 8, 8; 8, 9; 9, 9; 9, 9; 10, 9; 11, 10.

Or, taking at random Job's speech in chapters 12-14, there are 63 distichs and 11 tristichs. Among the former, 24 have each two parts of equal length; in 20 others, the parts differ by one syllable; the first *stichos* is shorter than the second in the first verse of the chapter, it is longer in the last verse. In the tristichs, each line has on an average seven syllables, in the distichs, eight. Now all this cannot be accident. The poets must have had the length of the *stichos* in mind, consciously or subconsciously, when they wrote their poems.

The agreement between corresponding lines is perhaps, on the whole, fuller when word accents than when syllables are counted. And here we shall go safest if, with rare exceptions, we follow the traditional Masoretic accents. These were placed in their positions in accord with the Judean or Portuguese pronunciation, as appears not only from the use of the Metheg, but also from the persistent fact that the Jews of the southern ritual habitually read with the accent as it is written, while the German and Polish Jews prefer to put it on the penult. Mr. Cobb leans decidedly to the count of beats or accents rather than of syllables. To follow him or the predecessors whom he reviews into the building of stanzas, or into the frame of the *qinah* or lamentation measure, would lead us too far.

The prosody and metre of the several poetical books and chapters of the Old Testament are not yet sufficiently established in detail to be made the basis for emendations of the text, and our author justly reproves his predecessors wherever they too boldly take this course. Mr. Cobb and those whom he reviews often try to make their ideas on the rhythm of Hebrew texts better understood by the reader through quotations of popular German or English poems; these are sometimes well, sometimes rather ill, chosen.

Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Edited by George Saintsbury, M.A. Vol. I. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

Mr. Saintsbury, for his many services to literature, is always entitled to a good word from the critics, but especially so in a case like this when (beyond the approval of his own conscience) he can look for no other reward than their appreciation. A better edition of Herrick or of Herbert would be greeted by the applause of a large and grateful public; but what recognition can be hoped for labors spent on Benlowes or on Flecknoe—writers whom the public will never read, and could not be forced to read? Yet these minor (or minim) poets, coming as they do at the time when English poetry was undergoing transformation, and meanwhile was in a state of solution in which new crystals were forming, are full of interest for those who study literature not as an anthology, but as a growing organism. We cannot understand the result if we do not understand the intermediate stages.

The longest poem in the volume, the "Pharonnida" of William Chamberlayne, is also the most important as the chief English example of the heroic poem or "romanticised epic." The story (if the reader can manage to hold it in his mind through all the poet's startings-off and gyrations) is not without interest, and it is all a-sparkle with curious and ingenious fancies like a summer night with fireflies, among which there is every now and then a flash of true poetry. The poem seems to have been kept long on hand, and to have received additions from time to time. It was not published until 1659; at the end of Book II., the poet breaks off to await the result of the battle of Newbury (1644), and yet in Book I., canto 3, the scene of Argalia before the High Court of Justice is an unmistakable reminiscence of the trial of Charles I.

Of the other poets in this volume we have not room to speak. The *eau sucrée* of "the matchless Orinda" has probably been tasted by many of our readers. As for Patrick Hannay, the excessive rarity of his works must be the justification of this reprint; while Benlowes's "Theophila," like Silas Wegg's leg-bone, may have value "as a Monstrosity."

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